

THE AMERICAN

LEGION

MAGAZINE

DEC. 1949

15¢

THE OVERCROWDED STATE OF CALIFORNIA

By Hannibal Coons

More Heat for Less Money

By George H. Walta Jr.



PERMANENT FILM

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

REG MASSIE



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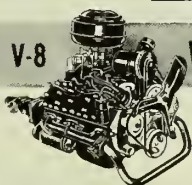
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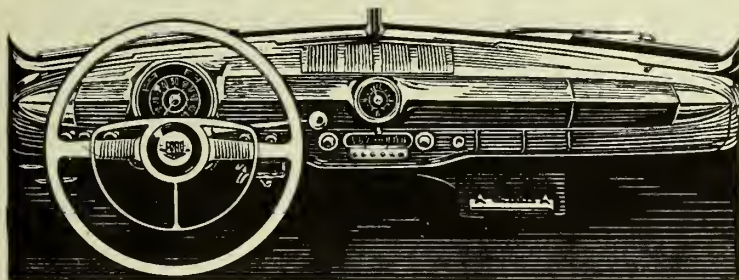


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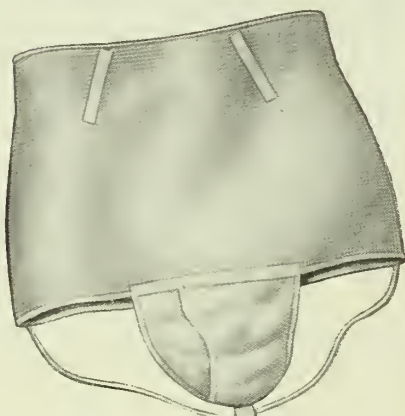
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Vol. 47
No. 6 THE AMERICAN

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Please notify the Circulation Department, Publications Division, P. O. Box 1055, Indianapolis, Indiana, if you have changed your address, using notice form 225 which you will secure from your Postmaster. Be sure to cut off the address label on your magazine and paste it in the space provided. Always give your 1950 membership card number and both your new and your old address.



When we first saw this month's cover it was a blistering hot August day. Too hot even to enjoy all the snow Reg Massie was showing us in his painting. Now, however, we can really appreciate the beauty of this Christmas scene. The beckoning warmth of the house, the soon-to-be decorated tree, all create the feeling of that wonderful Yuletide spirit. And for those of our readers who are always trying to place the location of our cover, this is upper New York State.

PICTURE CREDITS: Bob Isear, 16-17; Bob Isear by permission Westchester Parkway Commission, 18-19; Ron Partridge and Ross Madden from Black Star, 20-21; U. S. Rubber Co., Anthracite Institute, Warshaw Co., Inc., 22-23; Bob Isear, 26; Pennsylvania Game Commission, 50.

Hon. Democracy

In atom-bombed Hiroshima policemen have begun learning to "boogie-woogie." The police chief believes that dancing will help promote "peace and democracy" and that it fits in with the town's new slogan, "We always do things in a big way here." Part of the police station has been turned into a ballroom, with policewomen serving as dancing partners.

Max Factor, renowned Hollywood make-up expert, has been receiving letters from Japanese girls inquiring: "When you kiss how do you make the lipstick stay on?" . . . "Does lipstick make kisses taste better?" . . . "Is it a rule that you have to keep your eyes shut?"

Thieves invaded the Imperial Palace grounds in Tokyo—once considered sacred soil—and made off with 15 chickens that were raised personally by the Empress.

Red Flag, a Communist newspaper in Japan, bitterly charged Tokyo city officials with luring away prospective communists by offering them free baths.

Conducting a survey of "democratic habits," the Public Health Bureau in Tokyo discovered that male college students kissed coeds 60 per cent of the time, waitresses 20 per cent of the time, maids 10 per cent of the time and other miscellaneous females the remaining 10 per cent of the time.

A youth organization in the town of Wajima passed a rule that a fine of 50,000 yen would be levied against any member who touched alcohol. It decided that it "isn't democratic" to drink liquor.

Emancipated by the new democratic constitution, Japanese women have begun invading what were once men's beer halls.

Mrs. Hisao Hashimoto, of Osaka, has twice attempted to climb the mountain of Nara Omine, although ancient monks barred women from there as "unclean." Each time, however, considerably peeved men prevented her from following through. Mrs. Hashimoto declared that under a democracy a woman had as much right to climb a mountain as a man. The men retorted that "even democracy does not make a woman clean."

BY HAROLD HELFER

You give the great outdoors ... when you give a gun



Model 510 "Targetmaster" bolt action single-shot 22. Neat, compact, feels and shoots right.

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The American Legion Magazine • December, 1949 • 3

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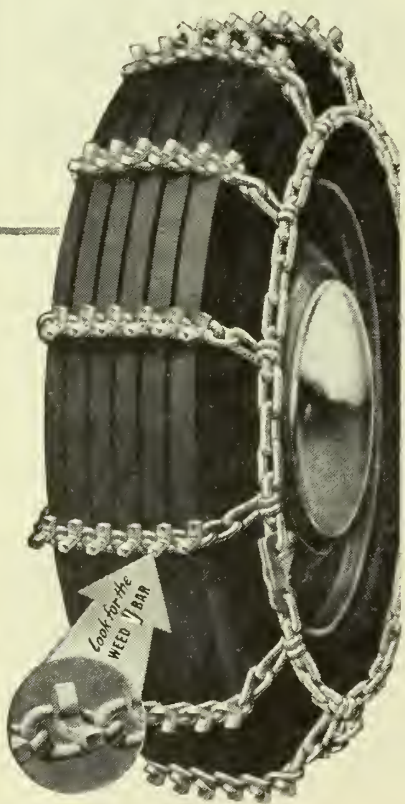
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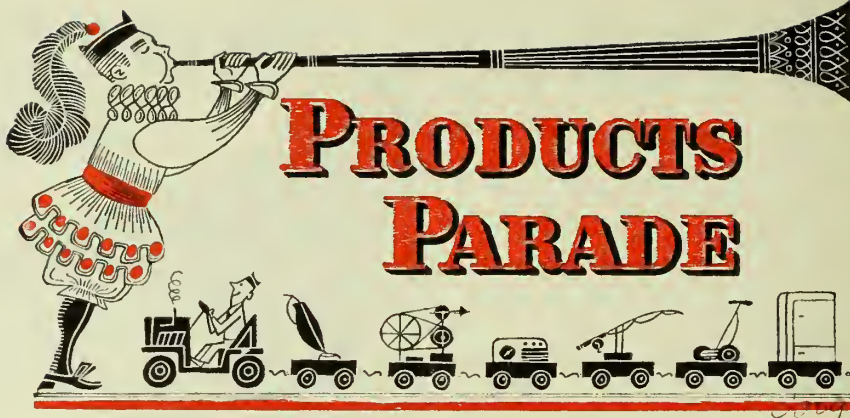
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—NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL



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A sampling of items which are in process of development or are coming on the market. Mention of products in no way constitutes an endorsement of them, since in most cases they are described as represented by manufacturers.

SOMETHING FOR CHRISTMAS PACKAGES. For those who fuss over holiday packages there's something new this year. The Fredart Paper Corp., 230 Fifth Ave., New York, is introducing a line of Christmas wrappings "with the scent of the Christmas tree." The wrappings are available in twelve exclusive designs at gift, specialty and department stores. A package containing two large sheets will retail for 25¢.



COMPACT TAPE RECORDER. If you want a fascinating hobby which requires no complicated apparatus or technical skill, a new tape recorder being offered by the Revere Camera Co., Chicago 16, is worth considering. Simplified so that anyone can record speech or music, the Revere Recorder provides excellent fidelity and records for a full hour on a single reel of tape. It comes in a compact, handsome carrying case, and the entire unit, complete with playback unit and microphone, weighs only 25 pounds. The price is \$159.50.

BACON AND EGGS. A dual-purpose cooking utensil being offered by Homemakers Haven, 7304 37th Ave., Jackson Heights, N. Y., will interest those who dote on bacon and eggs. Called the Bacon-Egger, it is a double-deck frying pan. Bacon is fried on the top, and the fat drips down to fry the eggs, thus automatically draining the bacon strips. Made of long-wearing chromium, it costs \$2.95 postpaid.

WANT AN UNUSUAL CHRISTMAS TREE? By means of ultra-violet light playing on specially treated ornaments you can have a Christmas tree that will be the talk of your neighborhood. A set of 48 ornaments together with an ultra-violet lamp and base, to be placed at the foot of the tree, is now available for \$12.95 from the Magic-Glow Corp., 1706 N. Larrabee St., Chicago 14. Ornaments consist of stars, angels, chains, bells, etc. The special lamp provides a cool source of light and there is no wiring to come in contact with the inflammable tree branches. Having a life of approximately 2500 hours the lamp will last several seasons, and it draws only 15 watts. Additional ornaments can be obtained at a price of one dollar for 12 assorted designs.



NEED MINNOWS? If you do, Legionnaire Charles G. Boswell, of Lebanon, Ind., has the answer in his new Boswell Minnow Trap, which he maintains is totally unlike any other minnow trap on the market. Made of seamless cast Lucite tubing, it has conical ends which are held firmly in place by a stainless steel connecting spring. A permanent lure of red glass beads strung on a nylon leader entices the minnows into the trap. Light in weight, it takes up little room and can be tossed into any pool without danger of breakage. The price is \$5.95 postpaid.

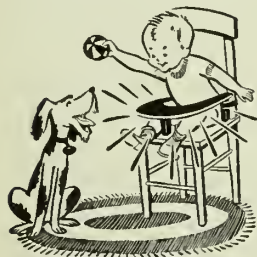


FOOT WARMER, NEW STYLE. An upholstered footstool with a built-in electric heating element is now available for those who like their feet warm. Besides providing comfort it is said to give relief to people suffering from arthritis or poor circulation. The cord is inconspicuous and the stool comes in red, green or blue. Selling for \$15, it can be obtained from the Gary Specialty Co., Route 2, Box 128A, Aurora, Ill.

JUST FOR MONEY. A new kind of billfold, for folding money only, is the Flap-jack being made by the Early Co., 200 Boulevard, New Haven, Conn., and retailing for a dollar plus 20 percent tax. Bills are inserted under a strap in the center of the Flap-jack, and when it is folded the bills can be withdrawn from the other side, one at a time, leaving other bills securely in place. A choice of leathers is available—black or brown morocco, tan pigskin, and red, green, blue and brown cowhide.



DOWN THE DRAIN. A novel way of cleaning clogged drains which requires no chemicals or "snakes" is offered in the Quick Drain, made by the A. G. Busch Co., 2632 N. Central Ave., Chicago 39. The device consists of a length of rubber tubing to which is attached a rubber cup. The tube is coupled to the faucet and the cup forms a seal over the drain. The hot water is turned on and after a minute or so it is turned off and cold water is run into the drain for about five minutes. The hot water is said to expand the drain pipe enough to allow water to get under the accumulated dirt. The cold water then flushes the residue from the pipe. The Quick Drain sells for \$1.95.



BABY STUFF. Legionnaire John J. Scanlon, of 1562 Unionport Road, New York City 62, has patented and is introducing an ingenious device which makes any chair a baby's high chair. Called the Ti-Chair, it consists of a collapsible feeding tray that straps securely to a regular chair, holding the baby safely. It comes in natural wood finish, with bright plastic trim, felted back and rubber tipped legs to protect the chair. The retail price is \$3.98.

INVENTORS VS. BURGLARS. A short time ago *The American Legion Magazine* published an article telling how burglars get into homes. Since then three inventors have written to tell us about locks they have developed to foil the second-story workers. A. O. Hunt, of Ashland, Wis., has a Travl Lok, selling for a dollar postpaid, which will keep a burglar from coming in the door. It consists of a heavy steel hook which wraps around the door handle, and is clamped to the door frame with gripping teeth. F. Rappold, of 122 Delaware St., Tonawanda, N. Y., has an "Open Window Lock" which permits you to open your window a little bit without letting crooks in. This he sells for 67¢ postpaid. Another window lock has been worked out by Hugh H. Story, Friendship Route, Arkadelphia, Ark., which he asserts is "the only window lock ever invented that actually locks." Story's lock ranges in price from \$1 to \$1.50.

SINK-PROOF DUCK DECOYS. An innovation in duck decoys is the Duraduck, a self-inflating, life-size, authentically colored decoy that can be rolled up and stuffed in your pocket. When it is opened up the Duraduck fills itself with air and is ready to float off. A patented air pocket keeps it riding realistically. In case you miss the duck and hit the decoy you won't lose it since the shot holes seal themselves. Mallard Duraducks weigh about eight ounces, Blacks and Pintails about 6½ ounces. Selling for \$2, they are being made by Dewey and Almy, Cambridge 40, Mass.



TO PREVENT BATTERY TROUBLE. To prevent short circuits in the wiring system of automobiles and motorboats, a Battery Circuit Breaker is being introduced by Inventory Specialists, 25 Broadway, New York City 4. The unit is attached between the battery and ground to break the current and is controlled by a push-pull switch from the instrument panel. Besides preventing such annoyances as a shorted horn, and providing a safeguard against car theft, the gadget is said to prolong the life of a battery by stopping seepage. It retails for \$9.95 and installation charges are said to average a dollar.

SOMETHING NEW IN MUSIC. An unusual musical instrument which is a cross between a clarinet, harmonica and button accordion is being produced by the Magnus Harmonica Corp., 439 Frelinghuysen Ave., Newark, N. J. Called the Keymonica, it is made of Bakelite and has 10 button keys regulating the tone of 20 notes. This permits it to cover a wide range of musical selections. It is designed as an elementary musical instrument for the teaching of basic fingering techniques, and comes with an instruction song folio permitting beginners to learn musical notes by means of a simplified number system. The Keymonica retails for 98¢.

When writing to manufacturers concerning items mentioned here kindly mention that you read about them in *The American Legion Magazine*

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gift for
Christmas!



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Albert**

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★ To bring a smile to the face of any pipe smoker on your Christmas list—or to any man who likes to roll his own cigarettes—give Prince Albert! Choice, crimp cut tobacco—mild and full-flavored! And the big one-pound tin comes gift-packed in a colorful Christmas package—with a "built-in" gift card right on top!

E. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

YOU CAN'T HUNT WHITE WHALES

Mr. F. H. Wooding, of the Department of Fisheries of Ottawa writes to tell us that the author of *Want to Catch a White Whale?*, our September *Life In The Open* article, was a little off base. Mr. Wooding says that the Federal Department of Fisheries of Canada does not permit belugas (white whales) to be hunted for sporting purposes, because the white whales are too important to the way of life of Hudson Bay Indians.

Our article gave the definite impression that Hudson Bay white whales were a sporting proposition for vacationists. It is still true that special excursions to Hudson Bay in midsummer offer a unique vacation in many ways, and that you may see the white whales cavorting in the Bay.

PRIZE CONTEST

On page 10 we offer a \$500 prize for the most interesting letter telling how a Legionnaire plans to spend his NSLI dividend. Why do we do this, since we have no dark plan to send salesmen knocking on your door? The answer is that editors can never know too much about their audience. Every month, in these pages, we publish one or two articles which we believe are helpful to many readers. You've seen some of these articles—*How to Paint Your House*, *How to Treat Stomach Ulcers*, *How to Get a Job*. Right on page 22 of this issue is another—*More Heat for Less Money*—telling what's new in the matter of keeping the old homestead warm in the winter. We believe, as a result of this contest, we can learn a lot more about the immediate needs and problems of Legionnaires. The answers will help us stick closer to what you want in future issues. Certainly the things you plan to spend extra money on are things that are very close to your heart.

STAY AWAY FROM CALIFORNIA, PLEASE

Assuming you aren't already in California, do you dream of moving out there and settling down to an easy existence in the fabulous sunshine? Urban Stewart hopes you don't—not for a while, anyway. So do millions of others in California. Just who is this guy Stewart? Who is he to say you shouldn't come to California? Turn to page 20 and read Hannibal Coons' article, *You Can't Eat California's Climate*. It'll introduce you to Stewart, and to his daily worry about how veteran newcomers to the Pacific Coast will make out in the job market.

We might add here that the Legion Department of California spends more money on veterans' rehabilitation than does the National Legion Rehabilitation program. This is no reflection on our National Rehab Commission, but indicates in part another phase of the growing pains now wracking California. Practically every



Season's Greetings

A Holiday toast to you
from the National Champion of Quality . . .

Miller's
HIGH LIFE

The Champagne of Bottle Beer

Brewed and Bottled in Milwaukee Wisconsin Only, by The Miller Brewing Company

human problem in that golden state is magnified and at present is being handled on an emergency basis.

OUR FIRST SF

Did you know there is such a thing as sf? Yes, we said sf. Sf has long had quite a following. There are a large number of competent producers of sf right here in this country. In recent years one man, among all the present day sf masters, has risen above the rest. His name is Robert Heinlein, and we are proud at last to present you with some of his very best sf right here in our magazine. Sf stands for science-fiction—in which good rip-snorting stories are projected into the robot and rocket universe of the future. We did not coin the term sf. It is the regular handle for science-fiction in the writing trade. To see how enjoyable sf can be, read our opening story by Mr. Heinlein, *Rebellion on the Moon*.

THE GREATEST DETECTIVES IN THE WORLD

Movies and radio have it all over books. Particularly when it comes to telling detective stories. The author of a detective book has to remember that if you don't quite follow the clues you can turn back a few pages and check up on what the author said. You can't turn back a movie very well to check on the clues, so some of our worst detective movies sometimes work out the solution in a high-handed manner. But when it comes to radio, the detective stories have been getting away with all sorts of murder. Of course that's what makes a detective story—getting away with murder. But the way they sling clues around, and conjure up deductions on the radio has gotten so terribly out of hand that it made Philip Weck sore. He started listening real close and finally decided that radio sleuths just don't play fair. And now he has written his conclusions, which we pass on to you as a bit of entertaining and innocent criticism. See *Those Amazing Radio Detectives*, page 16.

BOOK

A new book on our desk is *Power Skiing Illustrated*, by Tyler Micoleau. (A. S. Barnes & Co. \$2.95.) It's the simplest presentation of what happens to a man on skis we've seen yet.

LOOKING AHEAD

Coming up in future issues of your Legion Magazine are the following: *The Story of Burnet, Texas*—the town that served as a guinea pig in the Legion's Community Development Plan, and did an amazing job of lifting itself by its bootstraps. . . . *Calumet Farm*—pictures and inside story of the most incredible race-horse stable in history, the only million-dollar-a-year stable. . . . *Protecting Your VA Check*, the tale of how government checks are issued and protected, with emphasis on the big job of distributing the \$2,800,000,000 National Service Life Insurance Dividend. *We Discovered America Abroad*, how an American couple never really appreciated their country until they left it behind. Also fiction, sports articles and up-to-the-minute news on veterans affairs, next month and every month. RBP

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WERE WON WITH ENGINES EQUIPPED WITH



100-MILE NATIONAL AAA CHAMPIONSHIP AUTOMOBILE RACES

Arlington Downs, Texas
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Milwaukee (200 miles)

DuQuoin, Ill.
Syracuse, N. Y.
Detroit, Mich.
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UNLIMITED CLASS SPEEDBOATS



Gold Cup
Silver Cup
Harmsworth
Gull Lake

Detroit Memorial
President's Cup
U. S. Speed Record Run
Detroit River Marathon

OUTBOARD MOTORBOATS

National Outboard Regatta—15 out of 17 first places
Albany to New York Marathon
Portland, Oregon Marathon



OTHER AUTO RACING CLASSICS



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Mille Miglia (1000-mile Italian road race)
Belgian Grand Prix
Holland Grand Prix
LeMans, France 24-hour road race
National Midget Car Championship,
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AND HUNDREDS OF VICTORIES ACHIEVED BY
CHAMPION EQUIPPED ENGINES
THIS YEAR IN NEARLY EVERY TYPE AND
CLASSIFICATION OF RACING!**

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UNEQUALLED BY ANY OTHER SPARK PLUG!**

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Listen to the CHAMPION ROLL CALL . . . Horry Wismer's fast sportscast every Friday night, over the ABC network



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go after in...
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"SHURSHOT"
SHELLS

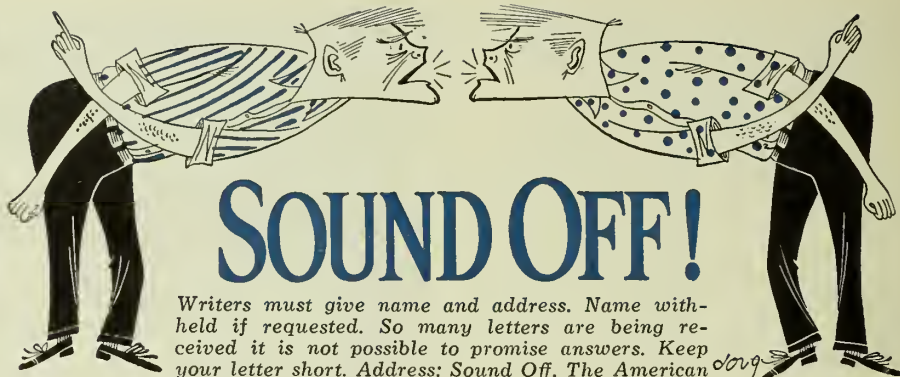


When the game is smaller, you'll find power a-plenty in lightning-fast Remington Shur Shot shells. They give you the wallop to bowl 'em over for keeps... plus perfect patterns shot after shot. And they have exclusive "Kleanbore" priming that won't cause rust or corrosion of gun barrels. Get yours today for that next hunting trip.

Remington
DU PONT

"If It's Remington—It's Right!"

"Shur Shot" and "Kleanbore" are Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by Remington Arms Company, Inc., Bridgeport 2, Conn.



Writers must give name and address. Name withheld if requested. So many letters are being received it is not possible to promise answers. Keep your letter short. Address: Sound Off, The American Legion Magazine, One Park Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

SMALL, BUT TOP NOTCH

In the October issue of the Legion Magazine I read the very interesting article *They Came, They Saw, They Said*, and would like to correct a misapprehension of one of the Legionnaires quoted in this article.

Legionnaire C. E. Plotner of Peterson Post 431, Gowrie, Iowa, believes that his Post is the smallest in the country with a Department Championship Drum & Bugle Corps. His Post has a membership of one hundred and thirty-two, which is fifty-two more than the Raymond A. Garbarina Post 1523 of the Department of New York has at this time.

With our seventy-eight members we have won the Department of New York Championship for three successive years and at Philadelphia this year we won the National Championship. To top this, the Post has been organized just four years.

This letter isn't a knock at a fellow Legionnaire but we might as well keep the record straight.

James V. Doyle
Long Island City, N. Y.

FORGETFULNESS, CENSURE

I read Mr. Felsen's article in the September '49 Legion Magazine entitled *What Army Are They Talking About?*

You complain that the writers of stories about the men who served their country, picture them as half-wits, etc., and that these men were wonderful fellows until victory was assured. It has happened before and will again, if we fight another war. It is up to the men and women who saw active service to remain loyal to their service buddies and squelch this sort of talk with "That isn't true. I was there. I know."

I served with the Army Nurse Corps in France in 1918-'19. While the war was being fought, we were the "Rose of No Man's Land." But the war ended, and we came home to find that we were considered prostitutes because we had served with the Army! If you have read any of the articles about nurses—written by some stay-at-home—you found the picture quite different from the actual facts.

I suggest that you read the poem by Rudyard Kipling, about Tommy Atkins—who is a wonderful person when his country needs him—but when the war is over, it's a different story. The slander hurts—even after 30 years—but with a wonderful organization like the Legion, we can

combat it to some extent. Don't hide the fact that you served your country. Be proud of it! It is because of those men and women who are willing and ready to serve that the United States of America endures.

Edna C. Schierenberg
Post 79
Dept. of N. Mexico
Ruidoso, New Mexico

▼ As our correspondent notes, this matter of heroes today, bums tomorrow is the history of nations in crisis and in victory. This magazine has more than once called attention to the noted lines of Francis Quarles (1592-1644):

*Our God and soldier we alike adore,
When at the brink of ruin, not before;
After deliverance, both alike requited,
Our God forgotten, and our soldiers
slighted.*

Kipling's *Tommy* is the most famous modern expression of the public's short memory for soldiers, once the shooting ends. But he also gave bitter testimony to this same failing in his poem about the appeal of the remnant of the Light Brigade ("Noble six hundred") to Tennyson in the early '90s of the last century, and shames that same public with his *Absent Minded Beggar*. WW1 veterans were called Treasury Raiders; there will be an equally bitter term for those who helped save us all in WW2. Editors

What army was Henry Felsen talking about anyway? Come, come, Mr. Felsen, let's be honest about this thing and admit that it was the same old Army that you, I and several million others served in a few years back. If I can't in retrospect match the language word for word and the characters man for man in a half dozen or so old outfits in which I served with those in *The Naked and the Dead*, for instance, I'll eat that worthy novel page by page—all 721 of them, so help me!

Julian Yocum
Steubenville, Ohio

PRAISE FOR A VA HOSPITAL

Much has been said about the Veterans Administration and the hospitals, and doubtless they do make mistakes, but as a recent patient in one of the hospitals, I wish to testify to the skill and kindness of the veterans hospital at West Los Angeles, Calif.

As a World War I Nurse I had a major operation there and left there as living testimony to the efficient treatment given

there. As a member of the Hollywood Women's Post 185 I am more appreciative of the value of belonging to The American Legion, for not only my own Post Comrades but members of many other Posts made the days pass more happily for the patients there. More power to the Legion and Veterans Hospitals.

Hollywood 28, Calif.

EMMETT'S CONTRIBUTION



In the ad

At Euclid Post

Maybe this should go to the "It's a Small World" editor. Anyway, the advertisement opposite the inside front cover in *The American Legion Magazine*, September issue, caused me to scurry to the photo files for a duplicate of your illustration. 'Twas taken last spring, when Euclid Post 343 entertained a bus load of crippled youngsters at the Grotto Circus in Cleveland's Public Auditorium. Your clown and ours is the same incomparable Emmett Kelly, in each picture doing his bit to make the world a happier place for underprivileged and handicapped kids.

Jerry Horna
Post Commander
Euclid, Ohio

GI INSURANCE DIVIDENDS

In today's papers they gave out the payoff scale on GI Insurance. Why or what was the reason that the men who were 40 and under when they took out their policies, were paid the highest dividend. They paid the lowest premiums. What's the big reason?

William L. McNeely
Pasadena, Calif.
Fowler (Ind.) Post

▼ The dividend is based on the difference between the total amount of premiums paid and the amount paid out in death claims, through 1948, for each major age group. While the "over-forties" paid higher premiums the number of death-claims for that group was proportionately larger, too.

Editors

VIEW CARDS WANTED

Would you run the following in the November issue under *Sound Off*? My gripes are too complex and numerous to list them here. I have found that it helps, though, while one is ironing out one's difficulties, to help the vets with their hobbies. I send them A.P.O.'s, stamps, match folders, advertising pencils, Tournament of Roses folders and what not. Also make scrapbooks for them.

The other members of the Southern California Post Card Club have been wonderful in helping me out with material for the boys. In return I try to get cards to trade with the members of the kind each one saves.

Wondered if some of the readers would drop me a line on a view card (not a Government card.) Would appreciate get-

ting any used view cards you'd care to pass on to me. We Gold Star Mothers can stand to have our morale bolstered a bit at times too.

Mrs. Astrid A. Rydeen
11801 S. Stanford Ave.
Los Angeles 2, Calif.
Member Echo Park Aux. 414

HOME

Ever try to build a home under \$10,000 with a GI loan?

The Banker said that my plans for a \$6000 home (that didn't include my own labor) wasn't large enough—it had to be 1000 sq. ft., where my home called for 800. Then again, I wanted a view home overlooking the city on the Hollywood Hills. Of course that would be out of the question because the bank doesn't loan money on "Hillside property." However, they would be glad to lend money on any of the sub-divisions property. . . . My home is built on my \$6000 figure without government help, but the loan cost me a bonus plus 6 percent, plus penalty clauses. I have what I want in a residential area consisting of houses worth anywhere from \$20,000 to \$100,000 within a half block of me.

Shouldn't the GI loan be applied to cases like mine after the home is built and proved to be a good investment? I wouldn't trade my location and home for a block of some of the Sub-division property I have seen.

I'd still like a 4 percent loan on a house I can afford.

L. D. McKay
Dr. Sterling Pierce Post #577
2158 Lyric Ave.
Los Angeles 27, Calif.

WITHOUT DOWN PAYMENT

I have just finished reading your article *Homes Without Down Payments* and thought it was a wonderful idea. But how could we ever have anything like those around here? My husband would be glad to even put his time in helping to build our house if we just had someone to help us get it started the way those wonderful men in Painesville did. There are a lot of other GI's that would be willing to work for a home if they had something to go on, and probably it would save a lot of marriages that are going bad because of the housing shortage. How about telling us more about the idea and what we could do to get something like that started around here?

Mrs. Charles Brooks
Atlanta, Illinois

PASS IT ON

How the human mind is susceptible to the right suggestion! With a new Legion member I went to the big Philadelphia parade. On the train we both read his September issue of the *Legion Magazine*. While we watched he had it folded in his pocket. Then when the parade was well under way, we gave it courteously to an elevator man and he thanked us for "something about this great Legion of ours." The "pass it on" idea as expressed in the spot notices in the *Magazine* is what suggested our act.

Dan T. Balmer
Reading, Pa.

no but no brass hats...

THIS IS THE G.I.'S PICTURE

There's no slop, no slurp, no fancy glamour boys making like heroes in this picture, Joe. No speeches, no glory, no fruit salad . . . just plenty of chicken and griping and sore feet and aching backs—by the numbers.

This isn't the generals' show, Mac . . . this one's all yours—the way you were when you wore that sharp brown suit and got your pay (occasionally) from your Uncle Sugar and ate off the fat of the land, which was slightly thinned down so it would fit into a K-ration box.

Ain't it the truth . . . you never had it so good in your life!

But this is straight—you never saw a picture so good in your life as

M-G-M'S FINEST PICTURE!

BATTLEGROUND

starring
VAN JOHNSON • JOHN HODIAK
RICARDO MONTALBAN • GEORGE MURPHY
with
MARSHALL THOMPSON • JEROME COURTLAND • DON TAYLOR
BRUCE COWLING • JAMES WHITMORE • DOUGLAS FOWLEY
LEON AMES • GUY ANDERSON • THOMAS E. BREEN
DENISE D'ARCEL • RICHARD JAECKEL • JIM ARNESS
SCOTTY BECKETT • BRETT KING

Story and Screenplay by ROBERT PIROSH Associate Producer
Directed by WILLIAM A. WELLMAN
Produced by DORE SCHARY
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



\$500

FOR A LETTER

What are you going to do with your extra money?

The American Legion Magazine wants to know

Within the next few months most of the younger readers of *The American Legion Magazine* will be getting checks from the Veterans Administration. Some of the checks will be for as much as \$528, but it is estimated that the average will be about \$200. This money represents overpayments made on National Service Life Insurance.

The American Legion Magazine wants to know what you plan to do with the money you receive. Are you going to use it to help buy a car, improve your home, buy clothing, take a vacation, put it in the bank, buy additional insurance, or what? (We aren't going to use the information you give to send salesmen to your door.)

For the most interesting letter entitled WHAT I PLAN TO DO WITH MY NSLI INSURANCE DIVIDEND, *The American Legion Magazine* will pay \$500. For the ten runners-up, awards of \$10 each will be paid.

Make your letter as long or as short as you like. It doesn't have to be a literary gem, just interesting. The prizes will be awarded on the basis of interest alone, for the letters that best tell what you plan to do with the money and why.

The Rules Are Few and Simple:

Include in your letter the amount of money you think you will be getting, and tell what you plan to do with it and why. Also, we'd like to have you tell us something about yourself—what kind of job you have, and how many there are in your family.

You have until January 31, 1950 to mail your letter, but the sooner you send us your letter the better.

Letters become the property of *The American Legion Magazine* and the judges' decision will be final. No letter can be returned and we cannot enter into correspondence concerning letters submitted.

Address your letter to CONTEST EDITOR, *THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE*, 1 Park Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

Winners will be notified March 1st, and announced in our April issue.

REBELLION ON THE MOON

Out on the moon, fifty years from now,
Johnny Dahlquist has to choose sides

By ROBERT A. HEINLEIN

IT HAPPENED ON THE MOON in the spring of 1999. The beginning of it all, as far as Johnny Dahlquist was concerned, was right after breakfast when the Executive Officer sent for him — “Lieutenant Dahlquist, reporting to the Executive Officer.” Colonel Towers looked up. “Ah, John Ezra. Sit down, Johnny. Cigarette?”

Johnny sat down, mystified but flattered. He admired Colonel Towers, for his brilliance, for his ability to dominate, and for his battle record. Johnny had no battle record; he had been commissioned on completing his doctor's degree in nuclear physics and was now junior bomb officer of Moon Base.

The Colonel wanted to talk politics; Johnny was puzzled. Finally Towers had come to the point; it was not safe (so he said) to leave control of the world (*Continued on next page*)

NINE SHIPS BLASTED OFF MOON BASE. FOR
FOUR DAYS ALL EARTH'S PEOPLE AWAITED THEM

The American
LEGION
Magazine



Rebellion On the Moon

(Continued)

in political hands; power must be held by a scientifically selected group. In short—the Patrol.

Johnny was startled rather than shocked. As an abstract idea, Towers' notion sounded plausible. The League of Nations had folded up, so had the United Nations; what would keep the Federation from breaking up, too, and thus lead to World War IV? "And you know how bad such a war would be, Johnny."

Johnny agreed. Towers said he was glad that Johnny got the point. The senior bomb officer could handle the work, but it was better to have both specialists.

Johnny sat up with a jerk. "You are going to do something about it?" He had thought the Exec was just talking.

Towers smiled. "We're not politicians; we don't just talk."

Johnny whistled. "When does this start?"

Towers flipped a switch. Johnny was startled to hear his own voice, then spotted the recorded conversation as having taken place in the junior officers' messroom. A political argument he remembered, which he had walked out on . . . a good thing, too! But being spied on annoyed him.

Towers switched it off. "We've started," he said. "We know who is safe and who isn't. Take Kelly—" He waved at the loudspeaker. "Kelly is politically unreliable. You noticed he wasn't at breakfast?"

"Huh? I thought he was on watch."

"Kelly's watch-standing days are over. Oh, relax; he isn't hurt."

Johnny thought this over. "Which list am I on?" He asked. "Safe or unsafe?"

"Your name has a question mark after it. But I have said all along that you could be depended on." He grinned engagingly. "You won't make a liar of me, Johnny?"

Dahlquist didn't answer; Towers said sharply, "Come now — what do you think of it? Speak up."

"Well, if you ask me, you've bitten off more than you can chew. While it's true that Moon Base controls the Earth, Moon Base itself is a sitting duck for a ship. One bomb — blooie!"

Towers picked up a message form and handed it over; it read: I HAVE YOUR CLEAN LAUNDRY — ZACK. "That means every bomb in the *Trygve Lie* has been put out of commission. I have reports from every ship we need worry about." He stood up.

"THAT should convince you I'm a half-wit — you slimy mistake!"



"Think it over and see me after lunch. Major Morgan needs your help right away to change control frequencies on the bombs."

"The control frequencies?"

"Naturally. We don't want the bombs jammed before they reach their targets."

"What? You said the idea was to prevent war."

Towers brushed it aside. "There won't be a war—just a psychological demonstration. an unimportant town or two. A little bloodletting to save an all-out war. Simple arithmetic."

He put a hand on Johnny's shoulder. "You aren't squeamish, or you wouldn't be a bomb officer. Think of it as a surgical operation. And think of your family."

Johnny Dahlquist had been thinking of his family. "If you please, sir, I want to see the Commanding Officer."

Towers frowned. "The Commodore is not available. As you know, I speak for him. See me again—after lunch."

The Commodore was decidedly not available; the Commodore was dead. But Johnny did not know that.

Dahlquist walked back to the mess-room, bought cigarettes, sat down and had a smoke. He got up, crushed out the butt, and headed for the Base's west airlock. There he got into his space suit and went to the lockmaster. "Open her up, Smitty."

The marine looked surprised. "Can't let anyone out on the surface without word from Colonel Towers, sir. Hadn't you heard?"

"Oh, yes! Give me your order book." Dahlquist took it, wrote a pass for himself, and signed it "by direction of Colonel Towers." He added, "Better call the Executive Officer and check it."

The lockmaster read it and stuck the book in his pocket. "Oh, no, Lieutenant. Your word is good."

"Hate to disturb the Executive Officer, eh? Don't blame you." He stepped in, closed the inner door, and waited while the air was sucked out.

Out on Moon's surface he blinked at the light and hurried to the track-rocket's terminus; a car was waiting. He squeezed in, pulled down the hood, and punched the starting button. The rocket car flung itself at the hills, dived through and came out on a plain studded with projectile rockets, like candles on a cake. Quickly it dived into a second tunnel through more hills. There was a stomach-wrenching deceleration and the car stopped at the underground atom-bomb armory.

As Dahlquist climbed out he switched on his walkie-talkie. The space-suited guard at the entrance came to port-arms. Dahlquist said, "Morning, Lopez," and walked by him



DAHLQUIST grabbed the gun, shoved it between the guard's legs, and jerked

to the airlock. He pulled it wide open.

The guard motioned him back. "Hey! Nobody goes in without the Executive Officer's say-so." He shifted his gun, fumbled in his pouch and got out a paper. "Read it, Lieutenant."

Dahlquist waved it away. "I drafted that order myself. You read it; you've misinterpreted it."

"I don't see how, Lieutenant."

Dahlquist snatched the paper, glanced at it, then pointed to a line. "See? '—except persons specifically designated by the Executive Officer.' That's the bomb officers, Major Morgan and me."

The guard looked worried. Dahlquist said, "Damn it, look up 'specifically designated'—it's under 'Bomb Room, Security, Procedure for,' in your standing orders. Don't tell me you forgot them again!"

"Oh, no, sir! I've got 'em." The guard reached into his pouch. Dahlquist gave him back the sheet; the guard took it, hesitated, then leaned his weapon against his hip, shifted the paper to his left hand, and dug into his pouch with his right.

Dahlquist grabbed the gun, shoved it between the guard's legs, and jerked. He threw the weapon away and ducked into the airlock. As he slammed the door he saw the guard struggling to his feet and reaching for his side arm. He dogged the outer door shut and felt a tingle in his fingers as a slug struck the door.

He flung himself at the inner door, jerked the spill lever, rushed back to the outer door and hung himself on the handle. At once he could feel it stir. The guard was lifting up; the lieutenant was pulling down, with only his low Moon weight to anchor him. Slow-

ly the handle raised before his eyes.

Air from the bomb room rushed into the lock through the spill valve. Dahlquist felt his space suit settle on his body as the air pressure in the lock began to equal the pressure in the suit. He quit straining and let the guard raise the handle. It did not matter; thirteen tons of air pressure now held the outer door closed.

He latched open the inner door of the lock. As long as it remained open, the lock could not operate; no one could enter.

Before him in the room, one for each projectile rocket, were the atom bombs, spaced apart to defeat any faint possibility of spontaneous chain reaction. They were the deadliest things in the known universe, but they were his babies. He had placed himself between them and anyone who would misuse them.

But, now that he was here, he had no plan to use his temporary advantage.

The speaker on the wall sputtered at him. "Hey! Lieutenant! What goes on here? You gone crazy?" Dahlquist did not answer. Let Lopez stay confused—it would take him that much longer to make up his mind what to do. And Johnny Dahlquist needed as many minutes as he could squeeze. Lopez went on protesting. Finally he shut up.

Johnny had followed a blind urge not to let the bombs—his bombs!—be used for "demonstrations on unimportant towns." But what to do next? Well, Towers couldn't get through the lock. Johnny would sit tight till hell froze over.

Don't kid yourself, John Ezra! Towers could get in. Some high explosive against (Continued on page 42)

ILLUSTRATED BY AL MUENCHEN

The Commies GO AFTER THE KIDS

Like their nazi and fascist counterparts,
the communists believe in snaring children.
Here are the methods they use to get them

By J. B. MATTHEWS



APART FROM making "good" communists out of kids, the idea is to have them peddle the line to working fathers

WHEN AN OUTFIT labeled as subversive by the Congressional Committee on Un-American Activities goes in for Christmas carols surprising results may be expected. And surprising results there were when People's Songs, Inc., came up with their version of a Christmas carol in December 1946. Judge for yourself:

When Jesus came to town, the
working folks around
Believed what He did say;
The bankers and the preachers
they nailed him on a cross,
And they laid Jesus Christ in
His grave.

Poor working people, they follered
him around,
Sung and shouted gay;
Cops and the soldiers they nailed
Him in the air,
And they laid Jesus Christ in
His grave

This song was written in New
York City,
Of rich men, preachers and
slaves;
If Jesus was to preach like he

preached in Galilee,
They would lay Jesus Christ in
His grave.

This can be considered a fair sample of the work being done by one subversive organization to bring the class struggle to the kids. Naturally, in this "carol" there is no hint of "peace on earth to men of good will" since the objectives are otherwise. Beatrice Landeck, writing in one of the monthly issues of People's Songs, provided the key when she said: "It is surprising how much of the meaning of a song is absorbed by a child while singing it . . . I know one child of a wealthy family who heard the recording 'Union Maid', who plagues her father constantly by singing, 'I'm sticking to the union.' 'The House I Live In' and 'Free and Equal Blues' make a deeper and more lasting impression than twenty lectures on the same subject. This is basic education that even reactionary school principals cannot object to."

Miss Landeck's remarks give a pretty clear indication of what People's Songs aims to do for our children.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN McDERMOTT

However, this is just one organization of many which is busily working to the same end.

Some years ago, the communists published a pamphlet dealing with their tactics and objectives for children. The title of the pamphlet is "The Road to Mass Organization of Proletarian Children." It bears the imprint of the Young Communist League of the United States, then located at 43 East 125th Street, New York, N. Y.

This pamphlet contains the key to present-day communist efforts to corrupt and win over the children of America. Quotations from the pamphlet are necessary, even though they make dull reading. In their drive for enlistment of our children, the communists said in this pamphlet: "To *liven up our mass work* such forms as the living newspapers, entertainments, demonstrations, films, lantern slides, mass games, excursions, rambles, public reading of the children's press, festivals and camps, are good means. More emphasis must be laid on that. Here some of the methods used by the bourgeois children's organizations, especially the Boy Scouts, should be

tried, since they stimulate the interest and initiative of the children, enhance the sturdiness of the proletarian children and are attractive to them: sporting games, codes, signals, following of the trails, map reading, hiking with a compass, camps, mass gatherings, orchestras, uniforms, military parades, etc."

There you have most of the comprehensive program of the communists to win over and indoctrinate our children.

Shrewdly, the communists recognize the difference between grown-up traitors and the kiddies whom they would enlist in their traitorous fifth column. The official pamphlet of the Young Communist League which has been cited, in the foregoing quotation, has this to say: "Children are not adults. They need amusement, play and recreation."

A large part of the work with communists do among children is under the supervision of the International Workers Order. The children's activities of the IWO include costume dances, drum and bugle corps, dramatic plays, comic strips, short stories with a "class struggle" angle, essay contests, and summer camps. The oldest and largest of the IWO children's camps is "Wo-Chi-Ca," situated in the northwest New Jersey hills. The camp's name is derived from the words, *workers' children's camp*. Paul Robeson is the hero and best-known sponsor of "Wo-Chi-Ca." When he last visited the camp, he said to the children who were camping there under these Communist auspices: "When I look at you, I know the future is safe."

All over the United States, there are summer camps for children which are run by the communists and the numerous organizations which are under communist control. The number of these camps runs into the hundreds. During the summer of 1949, not less than 50,000 American children went to these communist-controlled camps. Those who follow the *Daily Worker*, the communist party's newspaper, can easily learn the names and locations of some of these summer camps which take children. Space permits the naming of only a few of them. There is *Camp Kinderland* at Hopewell Junction, New York, advertised "for an ideal vacation for your child." *Camp Kinderland* is under the management of the Jewish People's Fraternal Order, a unit of the International Worker's Order which has been listed as subversive by the office of the Attorney General.

There is also *Allaben*, a camp at Napanoch, New York, whose cultural program is conducted by the School of Jewish Studies which has been listed as subversive (*Continued on page 60*)



THE MUSICAL commies mouth the words, but the Kremlin masterminds call the tune



COMMIE-RUN youth camps are not greatly concerned about sound minds in healthy bodies



THE COMIC books ground out by the fun-loving commies are not put out just for laughs



THE SUPER SLEUTH has to find the body, the clues and the criminal in a half-hour, with time out for the commercials

Those Amazing RADIO DETECTIVES

Any resemblance to real-life
detectives on certain crime broad-
casts is purely coincidental

By PHILIP WECK

THE BODY of the dead man lay on the living-room floor, head pointing toward a window, face up.

In his right hand was a .38-caliber revolver; a bullet-hole was directly above his heart. Until the detective entered, everything pointed to suicide.

Within five minutes of his arrival, however, the detective, in the best traditions of fiction, declared emphatically that: (a) the man had been killed by a bullet fired from a .357 Magnum, not the .38 revolver; (b) the gun in his hand had been placed there to simulate suicide; (c) the fingerprints of the dead man on the revolver in his hand had been made when the killer closed his lifeless fist on the gun's grip.

This was on a radio program, of course. Take the word of experts on the subject: It couldn't have happened in real life. The detective, instead of proving a murder, would have made a first-rate fool of himself on all these points and would have been back on a beat the next morning if he had been made of flesh and blood instead of script and sound effects.

Actually, no cautious detective would attempt to estimate the size of a death bullet from the size of an entrance wound in a dead person's body. A bullet cuts, rips and tears and frequently does not make a clean hole. It often enters its target at an angle, which of course would vary the size of the wound. Further, it penetrates through folds and wrinkles of clothes and skin, which smooth out or shift, stretch or shrink when the wounded person falls. It may leave two holes in an outer garment, two tangent circles which merge into one large circle on a prone body, almost twice as large as the bullet itself.

As for the rest of the detective's deductions:

A dead man's hand cannot be closed to grip a gun in a proper manner. Also—and this may startle you—fingerprints are found so seldom on a revolver or automatic that many police departments, including the wizards of New York's Centre Street, often do not bother to look for them.

And to make the whole thing completely stupid, a .357 Magnum revolver fires a .38-caliber cartridge.

This detective, unfortunately, is not the only man who has displayed his ignorance in front of a potential audience of millions, either on the radio or in other forms of fiction. Somehow the public has been fed so much misinformation on the subject of scientific crime detection that most persons have only a vague knowledge of the hundreds of things that can be done and

ILLUSTRATED BY WHITNEY DARROW, JR.

a fanatic belief in thousands of pseudo-scientific steps that patently are absurd.

Just to keep your favorite script writer on his toes, here's a list of some of the boners you'll hear frequently. See how many times you can trip him up.

Let's start with what he calls ballistics. That is a boner in the first place; he means firearms comparison and identification. The word ballistics refers to the science of the motion of projectiles; Funk and Wagnall's dictionary defines it as "the science that deals with the impact, path and velocity of projectiles." However, the English language is flexible and ballistics is so commonly used in this sense today that quite probably future dictionaries will yield, and include firearms identification and comparison as one branch of ballistics and justify Detective Airwave on this point.

The most highly publicized aspect of firearms identification is comparing, through a microscope, bullets from the body of a murder victim and bullets from a suspect gun. Microscopic flaws always exist in a gun barrel; these flaws will leave identical markings on bullets fired through that same barrel. Provided, of course, that the bullet is in any shape for comparison when it is retrieved.



THE POWERFUL Smith & Wesson Magnum revolver fires not only a .357 magnum bullet but a .38, illustrated, as supplied by the Remington Arms Co.

Detective Wave Length and his alter ego, Private Eye Van Meter, however, overlook this point consistently. To them any bullet from any body is immediately fit for comparison purposes. In life, a bullet recovered from a body generally has smashed into a bone and become so badly misshapen it cannot be used for comparison. This is just about 100 percent true of a bullet that's penetrated the skull and some experts estimate that it's 50 percent true of all bullets recovered from a body.

Another common error that hits the kilocycles with annoying frequency is the one about identifying a spent bullet at a casual glance or by the simple expedient of weighing it in the hand.

Detective Wave Length will take a bullet from the coroner or the medical examiner, peer at it and declare in tough, clipped accents, "A thirty-two." If he's a bit cautious he might make this, "Probably a thirty-two." Unfortunately, though, he's more apt to say, "A thirty-two Smith and Wesson—a woman's gun."

Aside from the fact that a .32 Smith and Wesson is hardly a woman's weapon, consider that Detective Wave Length doesn't have the least idea at this time what kind of gun fired that shot. A .32 is so-called because the inside of the barrel is approximately thirty-two hundredths of an inch in diameter. The cartridge case that held this bullet before firing was a bit more than thirty-two hundredths; the bullet itself was a bit less—a Smith and Wesson .32 short is .313.

Now, a 7.65 Mauser automatic fires a bullet that measures .309. And since the first World War, 7.65 Mausers have not been uncommon in this country. When Sergeant Wave Length (he's been promoted for his brilliant deductions in last week's episode) stated that the bullet was a .32, he actually was declaring that (Continued on page 37)

EXPERTS OF THE NEW YORK CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT DON'T FOLLOW RADIO SCRIPTS



BULLETS DON'T come out of a corpse just as they leave the factory. This is what the coroner often finds



RADIO SLEUTHS can heft a bullet and identify it. Police experts have to use sensitive instruments



TRACING A CRIMINAL via finger prints is a long, tedious job. Fictional detectives rarely go to such trouble

How To SURVIVE A

Almost killed in a head-on plane crash, Hugh De Haven wanted to know why. What he has learned about accidents may someday help save your life

By LESTER DAVID

DIT WAS A ROUTINE training flight in Texas 31 years ago. The landing field lay just ahead, partially obscured by a cloud bank. Hugh De Haven, shivering a bit in the January rawness, pointed the nose of his tiny craft at the field, then felt a surge of terror in his throat when the other plane loomed suddenly out of nowhere.

The two ships tore into each other, prop to prop, and plummeted to the mottled Texas grass.

De Haven lay crumpled in his shredded craft, both legs sticking out at crazy angles, the fuselage pinning his body to the ground. But the other pilot crawled from his wreck, stood up and walked!

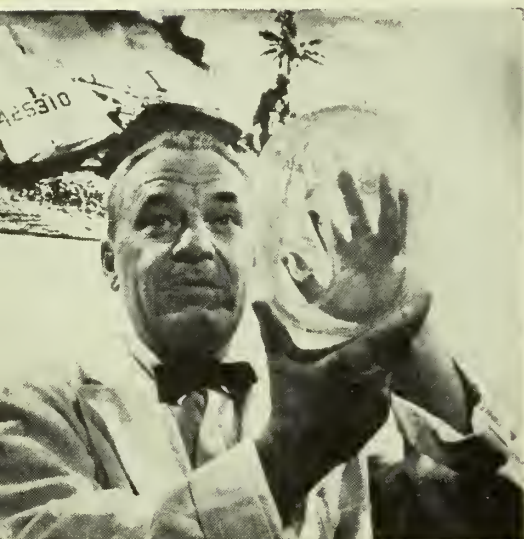
For months young De Haven, then barely 19, lay in the hospital, reliving the crash a thousand times, seeking the answer to the puzzle. Why was the other pilot virtually unhurt while he himself was nearly killed? The planes were identical, they crashed head-on, they both fell the same distance, both fliers wore the same gear. It just didn't make sense.

Out of that persistent "why?" during those pain-wracked months an idea crystallized in De Haven's mind, an idea which today holds out more hope than ever before for your survival in automobile and airplane smashups.

Ever since that grim January morning in Texas De Haven devoted his life to finding out what kills people in crashes and what can be done about it. He is blazing a new trail in air and road safety by pioneering in a new science, crash safety.

De Haven is director of the Crash Injury Research project at the New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center in New York City, the country's first and only clinic devoted solely to the study of smashups.

How important the work of the clinic is to every home and family cannot be overstated. Sudden deaths on the highways are rising alarmingly



HUGH DE HAVEN and the plastic replica of a head which he uses in his tests

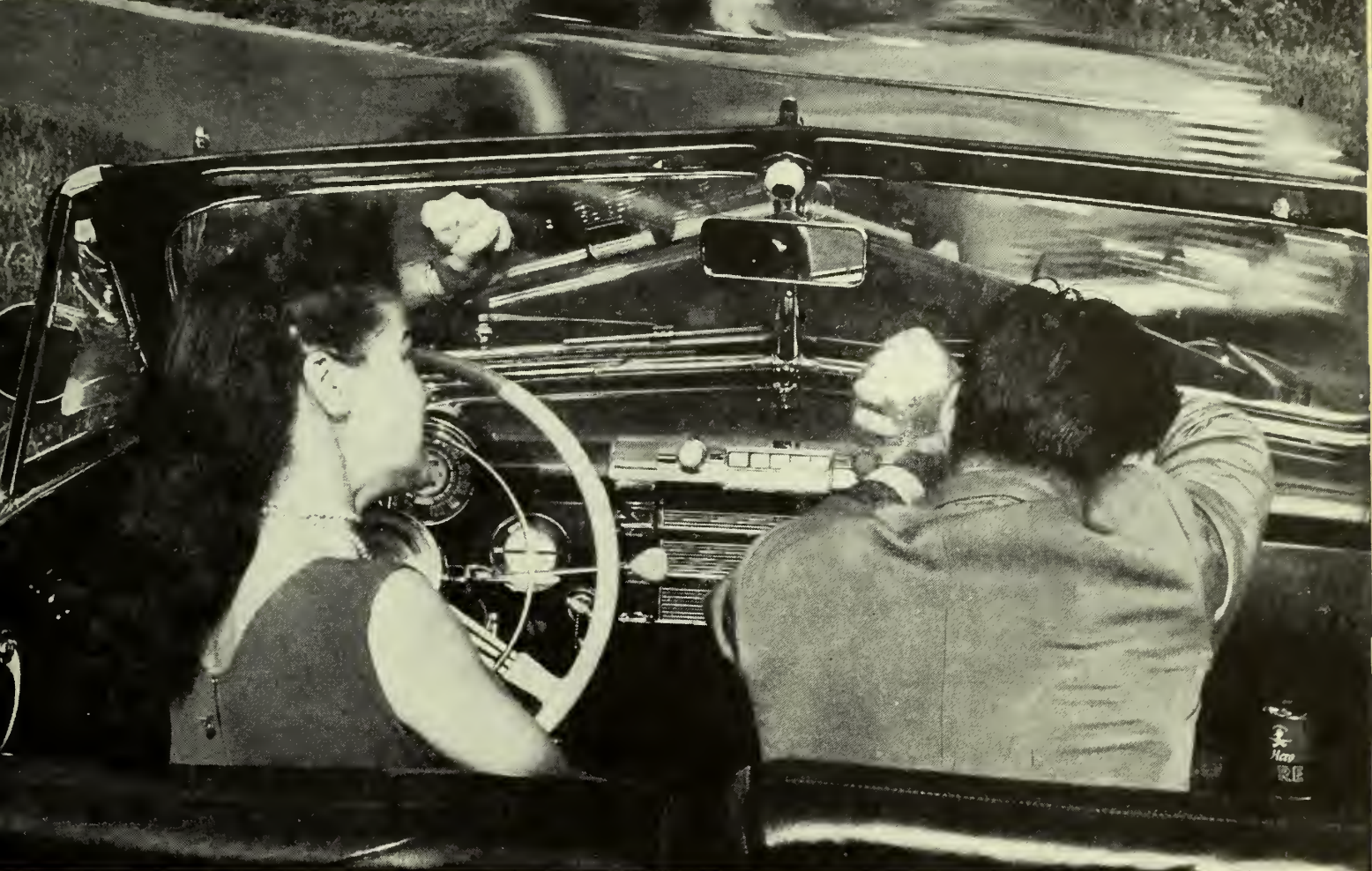
SALVATORE MACRI slams the "head" against a non-resilient frame



THE MAKER of this car features a crash-pad over the dashboard



CRASH



WHEN A CRASH is inevitable, rest your head forward on your arms and brace yourself for the shock of the collision

all over the nation. Grim new records for death and destruction were chalked up on every holiday weekend this year, according to figures of the National Safety Council, which has labelled this needless waste of human life "a national scandal." And the carnage is continuing, especially during these winter months, when icy roads make the going treacherous and blinding storms put two strikes on the motorist.

The project, actively supported by the U. S. Air Force and the Civil Aeronautics Administration, has aroused the intense interest of the aviation and automotive industries. De Haven is showing them things they never suspected . . . that 60 percent of all fatal crashes in private flying can be eliminated, that more than 75 percent

of the serious airplane accidents can be avoided, that auto deaths and injuries can be minimized considerably.

The answer, De Haven tells them, lies in eliminating the death-dealing factors which manufacturers are unwittingly building into their planes and cars through ignorance of why people die in crashes. Already many of his recommendations are being embodied in the construction of aircraft, and motor car companies are beginning to perk up as they note the decline in fatalities.

What, then, is a "crash clinic"? How does it operate and how can its findings help you? Here's how:

De Haven and a small corps of assistants have made exhaustive studies of the toughness and weakness

of the human frame in relation to the materials with which it comes into contact when crashes occur.

The desks and floors of his three-room suite of offices at the great medical center which overlooks New York's oil-flecked East River are cluttered with bits of wreckage from crashes where fliers died. Stuffed into filing cabinets is data complete to the last detail from thousands of actual falls, suicide leaps and plane and motor accidents.

Much of the material was gathered at first hand by the little scientist himself. He arranged with the Police and Fire Departments to tip him off on suicidal or accidental plunges. When the calls came, he'd clap on his hat and scurry to the scene, measuring the height of the (Continued on page 41)

PHOTOS BY BOB ISEAR

You Can't Eat CALIFORNIA'S CLIMATE

"Please stay away," begs California, whose growing prosperity can't keep up with the new hordes pouring over the mountains from the east



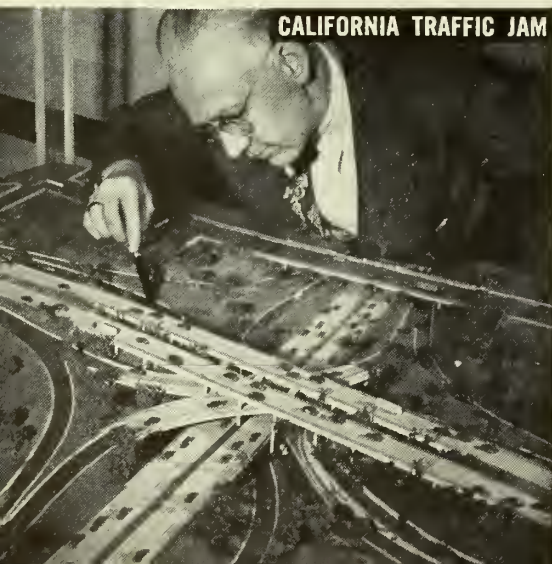
Left, Urban F. Stewart, the man with the headache. His organization finds more jobs for veterans than any other staff in the country, but is getting absolutely nowhere. California is his beat, and every time he finds jobs for eight veterans ten more move into the state. Stewart is California representative for the Veterans Employment Service. Now 180,000 veterans are unemployed in the state.

By HANNIBAL COONS

SINCE THE WAR moviegoers in California have sometimes been startled, as the lights went up for the intermission, by a tall, powerfully built man of 60 getting to his feet in their midst and saying, "Just a moment, please!"

As their shuffling stills, he continues: "My name is Urban F. Stewart. I am with the California Veterans Employ-

EXPERT puzzles over new Freeway intersection for clotted Los Angeles traffic



ment Service. Tonight in California there are 180,000 veterans who need jobs. In this audience are men who have jobs for them to do. Tomorrow morning, when you get to your offices, call us about the jobs—we'll send you the veterans. Thank you."

Stewart resumes his seat, and the show goes on. But the next morning several more California veterans have jobs who would not have had them otherwise.

Riders on the morning commuter trains into San Francisco from the southern suburbs on the peninsula have a thorough acquaintanceship with this same man. "Good God," they say, "here comes that veterans employment guy down the aisle to collar us about veterans' jobs again."

"But there's hardly a morning," says the man in question, "when I don't have several additional jobs for veterans by the time I get to the office."

Last July, the state convention of the American Legion at Long Beach, California had hardly convened when this same man was introduced to the

assembly—at his own request. As usual he did not waste, or mince, words. "At this moment," he said, without preamble, "there are more unemployed veterans in the state of California than the entire state membership of the American Legion. If you men don't find jobs for them, who will?..."

This Urban F. "Stew" Stewart is a man with as heartbreaking and unending a job as any in this nation. Most men worry about a family of three. As head of the California Veterans Employment Service, Stewart has a "family" of 1,800,000 veterans to worry about, with 15,000 more a month pouring in upon him from every state in the union. Today California has over 1/10 of our total veteran population. Of California's entire employable working force, 20% are veterans. And still they come—pouring into the state





CALIFORNIA JOB JAM

LEFT, young job-seeker stands outside Oakland office of State Employment Dept., awaiting tests for Lockheed aviation factory job. Above

some of his competition line up at 8 a.m. outside Lockheed Los Angeles plant. They have taken tests, have papers in hand

CALIFORNIA HOUSING JAM



NEWCOMERS in Los Angeles real estate office. Warns Chamber of Commerce: "Have a place to stay or money to buy one or pay high rent"

CALIFORNIA SCHOOL JAM



LOS ANGELES school budgets are adequate for about half of enrollment, which keeps leaping ahead of facilities

like deluded locusts. In the month of June 106,211 more out-of-state cars drove hopefully into California, the usual percentage of them driven by still more veterans coming to join the endless search for sunshine and jobs.

Since the war the California Veterans Employment Service has led the nation's VES in "job getting" for veterans, consistently outstripping runners-up New York and Texas. Yet from last November to April the California Department of Employment's active applications from veterans needing jobs rose from 77,350 to 139,910. Today the best available estimates place the number of unemployed veterans in California at approximately 180,000—compared to a total state American Legion membership of around 160,000. The more jobs Stewart and his economy-decimated staff find for them, the more veterans come

pouring in needing still more jobs. No task in the country is so akin to pounding sand down a rathole.

Stewart, the man perpetually on the spot in this Pied Piper rush of our veterans to California, is fortunately not a man who is easily daunted. At 60 he is a tall, fair-haired, rough-hewn man with the inner verve and drive of one at least ten years younger. His conversation is as salty as a sailor's. It is not till he takes out a cigarette that you notice that eight years of arthritis have left his hands as gnarled as a bowl of pickles. He pays absolutely no attention to it, and, after a moment, neither do you. Stewart's only interest is the job at hand, and as to the present status of his work he makes no bones. "It would be criminal," he said, "to encourage any more veterans to come to California at present. You can't eat the climate. If vet-

erans would only stay where they are for one year, maybe we could get the welcome mat out again."

As it is, California's welcome mat for out-of-state veterans has been pulled in and the door slammed. Not by Stewart or his remaining staff of assistants (Stewart's odd reward from an economy-blinded Congress is something we will take up in a moment), but by California's harried employers, taxpayers, and civic groups. In the last year even the usually rosy-hued Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce has taken a leading role in "The Mayor's Committee" founded for the unusual purpose of telling veterans not to come to California. Letters were written to 2,700 Chambers of Commerce east of the three Pacific states, pleading with them to tell their local veterans to stay where they were. All Los Angeles (Continued on page 52)

Give a Hobby for Christmas

COULD BE that you will be
the fellow on the receiving end



If you know someone with a hankering for a spare-time pursuit, now is a good time to get him started. This article tells you how and how much it will cost

By H. VAN WALTHER

WITH DECEMBER HERE, and the Holidays less than four weeks off, the old perennial question of what to give to whom, and with what, is with us again.

This year, why not solve your Christmas problems by giving hobbies? The gift field is just about unlimited, and you spend as little or as much as your budget will allow. You can either start someone off from scratch by giving him the barest necessities for a hobby, or in the case of someone who already has a spare-time interest, you can add to the hobby equipment he already has.

Because it is a hobby that can be enjoyed by all the family, and one that can be followed with varying degrees of avidness, *photography* is one of the most popular. If you have a camera fan on your list, your Christmas shopping should be easy. If all he has is the yen to own a camera, you can buy him one at just about any price ranging from a few dollars to well over several hundred. If he already owns a camera, the field is still wide. You can either buy him a better one, or set him up with the basic equipment for a darkroom—developing trays (50 cents or more) or a developing tank (\$3.50), a darkroom safe light (\$2), and a simple contact printer (\$9). By giving a camera owner what he needs to develop and print his own pictures you will more than

double his camera enjoyment. Instead of taking his exposed film to the corner drugstore or the neighborhood photo shop, he then will be able to coax them into actual being himself.

If your camera fan is more advanced and already has his own darkroom, there still is plenty of room for Christmas giving. He probably would like an exposure meter (\$19.95 and up), photo-flash equipment (beginning at about \$8), a tripod (also beginning at about \$8), and finally an enlarger (this can cost you as little as \$10 or set you back as much as \$3,000).

Even the veteran lens bug, who appears to be fully equipped, always needs some one thing that will make a good gift possibility. You can make your choice from among such accessories as darkroom timers, print washers, film, paper, flash bulbs, flood lights, print trimmers, special lenses, filters, print driers, carrying cases, and photo albums. You can start at the bottom of the price list for as little as 25 cents and work your way on up.

If you aim to start someone off on a sparetime career of amateur movie making, your Christmas gift is going to cost you a little more all along the line. Movie cameras start at about \$90, projectors at \$70, and portable screens at \$12. But again, as with still photography, there are all sorts of movie-making accessories that make ideal gifts for the movie-maker who already

has his basic trio of camera, projector, and screen—film splicers and editors, lights, exposure meters, titlers, rolls of film, additional lenses, and books and magazines.

There is one thing that is very well worth trying if you are considering giving someone a camera or camera equipment, and that is the used-camera market. If you buy from a reputable dealer you often can be lucky enough to pick up a bargain that has the "new" look. There's just one precaution; if you don't know cameras and camera prices take someone who does along with you on your Christmas shopping tour.

Few men, when they were boys, escaped the period when they wanted to grow up to be locomotive engineers. That accounts for the great popularity of *model railroading*. It has got to the point where one of the best ways to make a hit with "Pop" is to give his young son electric trains. Actually, there is a model railroad layout to fit just about any home, no matter how small, and any budget. You can spend as little as \$30 for a complete set of parts to build a pint-size railway system that will fit on a bridge table, or you can use up the better part of \$50 for a Diesel-type locomotive for a model system that fills up the attic or the basement.

As for the hobbyist who already has an operating model "pike," there are always things that he needs. It would be hard to go wrong by giving him some miniature figures of humans or animals to help dress up his model landscape, a bridge, some track, or a kit for building a station, a house, a water tower, or an additional car. You can spend from 25 cents on up. There's just one word of warning, however. Before you buy any such gift for a model railroader, make sure you know the scale of his layout. Model railroads are built to various gauges or sizes (O, OO, H, S, (Continued on page 48)

ILLUSTRATED BY MAC SHEPARD



BREATHES there a man who has not dreamed of his own cellar workshop?



IT'S FUN to play with toy trains, but a lot more fun to build them



ONE OF the most fascinating and cheapest hobbies is leather working

MORE HEAT *for* LESS MONEY

New developments in heating appliances make it possible for you to keep your home warm in winter without spending too much for fuel

By GEORGE H. WALTZ, JR.

ALTHOUGH EXPERIMENTAL solar houses that get their heat free from the sun and proposed atom-powered furnaces fueled by pea-size pellets of U-235 make interesting news items, they are strictly things to come. The problem confronting most home owners, now that December has rolled around again, is how to get dependable heat at low cost in the immediate, not the distant, future.

THIS THERMOMETER-STUDD manikin shows how one's body is affected by heat from Uskon electric heating panels in the ceiling with a surface temperature of 102. The room is about 69



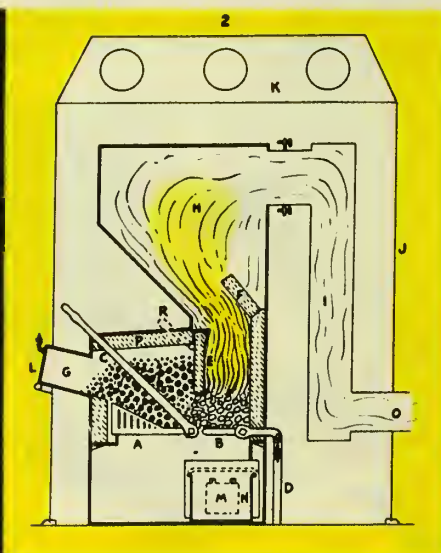
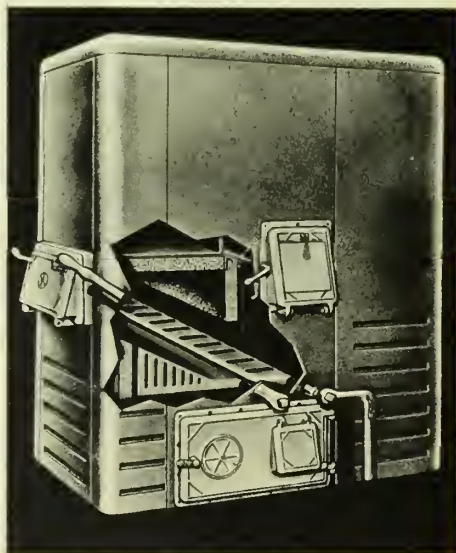
Since the war, heating equipment manufacturers have been working hard to cut down the householder's fuel bills. During the last few years, they have brought out scores of new and improved furnaces that provide more heat for less money. New gadgets and controls that make it possible to improve the operation and efficiency of old and ailing heating plants also have been made available. And, for the technically-minded home owner who really wants to get to the bottom of his heating problems, there's even a special test kit that can be used to check the efficiency of small automatic furnaces so that money-saving adjustments can be made.

In the design of the new furnaces, economy of fuel, compactness, and easy convertibility from one kind of fuel to another have been the prime consid-

eration. Not so long ago, specialization was the rule. When you bought an oil burner, you got just that and were stuck with it regardless of oil shortages, price boosts, and electrical power failures. Not so today; the trend now is toward greater flexibility so that furnaces can be fired with any one of several fuels.

Basically, most of the home heaters being produced today by the leading manufacturers are hand-fired coal furnaces. But they are so designed and engineered that they can easily be changed over to automatic heat simply by installing an oil-burner unit or an automatic coal stoker. And what is just as important, they can be changed back again to a basic coal furnace just as easily and quickly. In most cases, all that is necessary is to remove the automatic unit and replace the grates and one or more furnace doors.

In one new combination heating unit recently put on the market by the Crotty Manufacturing Corp., any standard gun-type gas or oil burner can be mounted on a hinged door at the rear of the basic hand-fired coal furnace. When a change is desired or required from oil or gas to coal, the burner is simply swung back out of the way, a metal plug which is provided is placed in the burner hole, the combustion chamber removed through the firing door, and a coal fire built.



USING TWO separate grates progressively, this Worsham Co. furnace transforms soft coal into coke and combustible gases. The gases are burned first, then the coke



MADE HEAT-CONSCIOUS by the coal strike and the cost of fuel, many home owners have been making changes in their heating plants. Here an oil burner conversion unit is installed

The entire change-over can be made by the home owner in a matter of minutes—a handy unit to have around when oil or gas prices soar or the electric power goes off and leaves you heatless for an extended period.

Tops in convertibility probably is provided by a deluxe double-duty heating unit manufactured by the Diesel Oil Burner Corp. A simple flick of a convenient hand switch changes the heater over instantaneously from oil to coal or from coal to oil. The heater consists of two completely separate combustion chambers—one for oil and one for coal. The conversion switch operates the oil-burner controls and changes the connection from the main flue from one combustion chamber to the other.

For home owners who like the convenience of gas heat, but who live in localities where the cost of gas, while economical for normal winter temper-

atures becomes uneconomical when the temperature takes its periodic mid-winter deep dives, there is a new combination gas and oil furnace. Produced by the Norman Products Co., the unit normally operates on gas, but automatically switches over to oil when the outside temperature drops below a preset level. Then, when the outside temperature goes up again, it automatically switches back to gas. A thermostat mounted on the outside of the house controls the change-over mechanism at the furnace.

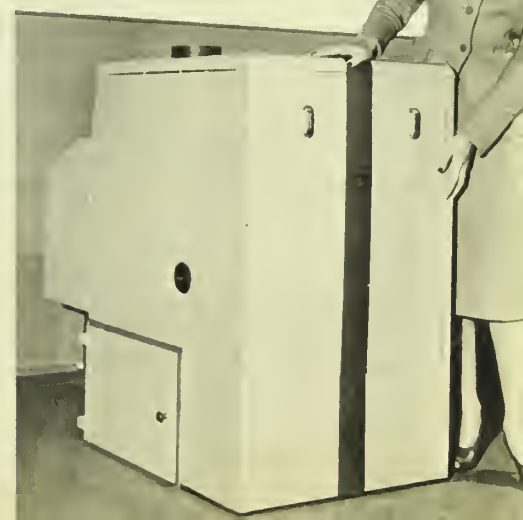
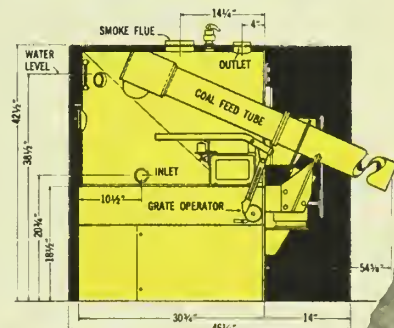
Considerably more heat for less money now is provided by the improved types of gun-type oil-burner heads now available. Designed especially to break the fluid oil up into smaller droplets and produce a better air-oil mixture, they make it possible to use the cheaper catalytic fuels with high efficiency. Typical of these new

units is one manufactured by Norge. A scientifically constructed burner head creates a concentrated swirl and turbulence that forces the oil and air to mix thoroughly before being ignited.

Greater efficiency also has been engineered into the newer types of coal furnaces. Newest is the Anthratube, developed by the Anthracite Institute and produced by several manufacturers. An 80 percent efficiency is claimed for it, which means a saving in coal costs of more than one quarter over run-of-the-mill hard-coal furnaces. The Anthratube, operating on the principle that a small amount of coal burned quickly provides the maximum heating efficiency, burns pea anthracite under forced draft and is completely automatic. There's not even any need for manual grate shaking. The new heater, compact in size, gets its name from its tubelike combustion chamber that receives coal from a feed-bin at one end and ejects burned ashes at the other.

For home owners who use soft coal, there's a new hand-fired "gas-producing" furnace that is both smokeless and efficient—the ideal home heating unit for those who live in soft-coal areas. Through the use of two separate grates, used progressively, soft coal first is transformed into coke and combustible gases. The gases burn during the pre-heating process and finally the coke formed is burned when it is transferred to the second grate. The furnace literally burns its own smoke. The manufacturers, the Worsham Co., of St. Louis, Mo., claim that the furnace requires (Continued on page 40)

THIS SLEEK furnace uses hard coal. Called the Anthratube it burns a little at a time



Our BEST-READ EDITION

Not many Legionnaires are aware that this magazine is read by thousands of blind veterans who know Braille

By J. C. KEELEY



HOWARD NELSEN READS ONE OF THE THREE VOLUMES IN BRAILLE THAT MAKE UP A SINGLE MAGAZINE ISSUE

T ALL STARTED about ten years ago with a letter from a California Legionnaire. "Why not," he wrote, "publish *The American Legion Magazine* in Braille so veterans who are blind will be able to keep abreast of what our organization is doing?"

The next time the Publications Commission met the Californian's letter was read to them. They voted unanimously to authorize a limited Braille edition to be circulated without charge in hospitals and anywhere else that groups of blind veterans who could read Braille might be gathered.

The next step was to determine who should do the printing. There are several Braille publishing concerns but the contract was eventually given to the Clovernook Home for the Blind, in Cincinnati. An important reason for this was its background and its method of operation. Clovernook, unlike other Braille publishers, is non-commercial. The work done there for the blind is done by the blind. The American Legion therefore felt that the money spent with them would doubly benefit people without sight.

Clovernook's background also figured prominently in the decision. It is a privately supported institution which depends entirely upon endowments and contributions from individuals and

groups for its support, and it has operated thus since it was started in May, 1903. Its founders were Georgia D. and Florence B. Trader. Georgia who lost her sight when she was 11 years old, dedicated her entire life to helping other sightless persons. She died in 1944, but her devoted sister Florence who had worked closely with her throughout her career, carries on the work they started at Clovernook.

At the present time 38 women and girls live and work at the Clovernook Home for the Blind, which resembles a small college rather than an institution. Work and living quarters are spacious and comfortable, and the Home's 29 acres supply much of the food consumed by the residents. Under the supervision of Anne Costello the women work on various handicraft projects and their output is sold in stores in and near Cincinnati. The

publishing of magazines and books in Braille, however, is the most important of the projects.

In arranging for the publication of *The American Legion Magazine* for the blind it was first necessary to decide which kind of printing would be most desirable. There are several types—Lime Letter, New York Point, Moon, Braille in full spelling, Braille 1½, and Grade 2 Braille. Since the three types first mentioned are not widely used, the question was which of the Braille systems was best for the purpose. The decision was to use Braille 1½. This consists of the alphabet, numerals, and punctuation marks, but it permits a saving in space since it also employs 63 contractions. The letter "c" for instance means "can," the letter "w" means "will," etc. Grade 2 Braille was not used because it has about 200 contractions, and most blind people do not know so many. On the other hand, readers of Grade 2 can read Braille 1½.

The first issue of the Magazine in Braille was issued in October, 1940, and it has been going to blind veterans ever since. When the first copies of the regular edition of the Magazine come off the press, one of them is promptly edited in the New York office and airmailed to Cincinnati. No advertising appears in the Braille edition and of course there (Continued on page 59)

AT CLOVERNOOK blind girls make it possible for blind vets to learn about *The American Legion*



Veterans Newsletter

A DIGEST OF EVENTS WHICH ARE LIKELY TO BE OF PERSONAL INTEREST TO YOU

December 1949

PRESIDENT SIGNS VET. BENEFIT BILL:

The Legion's omnibus benefit bill raising compensation and disability payments to veterans, their dependents and beneficiaries, was signed by President Truman on October 11....The compensation increase in basic rates becomes effective December 1, 1949, and will be reflected in the January checks....The new law (now Public Law 339, 81st Congress) provides: Additional compensation for vets -- with dependents who are rated 50 percent or more disabled; increases compensation for WW1 vets with presumed service-connected disabilities to the rate currently paid to direct service-connected vets; establishes progressive compensation ratings for vets with arrested tuberculosis -- 100 percent for first two years, 50 percent for next four years -- and increases disability ratings; increases death compensation to wartime widows with one or more children; and liberalizes present rules barring payment of compensation for injury or disease incurred while under military or civil confinement....Of great importance is the 8.7 across-the-board increase for service-connected disabilities for vets of both WWs....New rate for total disability is \$150 per month instead of \$138....This means that the vet rated 10 percent disabled will get \$15 instead of \$13.80, and so on up to the maximum....VA estimates that 2,024,000 vets of WW1 and 2 and of the Spanish-American War will benefit by the increased rates....Also VA estimates the cost at \$112,000,000 a year....The increases will be made automatically by VA -- no application is necessary.

THAT NSLI DIVIDEND AGAIN:

In mid-October a wild-eyed story was sent out from Washington saying that NSLI dividend checks to WW2 vets "might be available" before Christmas....The story was widely published, raising a lot of false hopes and more needless letter-writing and telephone calls....The VA stopped the roorback as quickly as possible with a statement by Harold W. Breining, Assistant Administrator for Insurance....He called the news story "absolutely false and without foundation," and added, "Our present schedule calls for the first checks to be dispatched about the middle of January."...12 million vets have already applied for their slice of the \$2,800,000,000 melon....NSLI program has been stabilized....The turmoil and confusion of the first few years after the end of the war has been overcome, and the program will from now on run in routine much on the same line as the more than 30-year-old Government Life program for WW1 vets....Already planning ahead, VA has first to complete the big dividend distribution of surplus up to anniversary date of each policy in 1948....Then, VA is hopeful that in 1951 it can pick up and make distribution of dividends earned between 1948 and 1951....Thereafter, it is planned to make annual distribution in accordance with the excess earnings back of each policy....And that is not a bad thing for NSLI policyholders to look forward to.

VA REVISES ITS CRACK-DOWN ON GI SCHOOLING:

Bowing to the storm raised by its September 12 crack-down on GI education and training, the VA (on October 5) rescinded its hard-boiled Instruction 1-A....Another Instruction (1-B) was issued with a more liberal interpretation of the intent of Congress in placing restrictions on courses in general and

avocational and recreational training in particular....Aviation courses, for instance, are now permitted if they can be justified in terms of present or contemplated business or employment....But in general all courses determined by the VA to be recreational or avocational are out (P.L. 266, 81st Congress)....New procedures, effective November 1, for applying for additional education or training benefits, or change of course, or change of institution, are:....(1) Change of course or additional education or training will be approved if such course is in the same general field as the original educational or job objective, or a normally related objective. Thus, a vet training as an automotive mechanic may take training in body and fender repair and other related courses; or a vet in an institution of higher learning may work through his Bachelor, Master, and Doctorate degrees, so long as he has entitlement....(2) Veterans seeking training in a different general field must undergo advisement and guidance to determine need for such course. Determination is made by VA....(3) After November 1, 1949, applications for training must show the course elected and the institution in which the course will be pursued. This is to help VA determine whether or not the course is in the prohibited recreational and avocational category, and also to show that the institution has been in existence more than one year....(4) If training is approved, VA payments will begin with the date the application is filed, or the date the vet enters training, whichever is later....VA has approved the Legion's request to permit applicants for Certificates of Eligibility to study in an undergraduate institution as an "undergraduate course."...This will permit the veteran the same degree of freedom as the non-vet in the selection of a major field before finishing his undergraduate course....Enrolees in specialized institutions, such as colleges of law, medicine, dentistry, engineering, etc., or vocational schools will be able to use generalized course titles for application purposes. Certificates issued before November 1, will be honored after that date provided the veteran is not going into a new field of study or to a new school.

ARMED SERVICES GET A PAY BOOST:

When President Truman signed the new Armed Forces pay bill on October 12 every soldier, sailor and Marine from the freshest recruit to the highest General or Admiral got a hike in his monthly pay check....It was the first general increase in 40 years, but in that time the pay of a recruit was jumped \$21 to \$75 a month....Because of these increases in pay of men in the ranks while pay of officers remained at old levels, the really important take-home money goes to top-ranking officers....Recruits get \$5 a month raise; other enlisted and non-commissioned grades get small increases, but some Brigadier Generals will get an almost 50 percent boost, counting base pay and allowances....Military personnel got their first pay at the new rate on October 31.

ILLINOIS HOLDS UNDELIVERED BONUS CHECKS:

Illinois veterans of both World Wars who applied for the State bonus and did not get their checks may have a welcome Christmas gift coming....State Auditor Benjamin O. Cooper is holding checks for 400 WW2 vets and for more than 100 WW1 vets which have been

returned by the postal authorities....The applicants moved and left no forwarding address, in most cases. ...Since the first of the year Auditor Cooper has made a nation-wide search for the rightful owners of the checks....A brief appeal in Newsletter, (June, 1949) he says, brought "a deluge of letters from almost every State in the Union and several foreign countries, providing us with absolute information or clues to the present whereabouts of men on the list."...To date Auditor Cooper has located 700 WW2 owners of unclaimed checks, and 9 for WW1 vets whose checks had been gathering dust in the State House vaults for 25 years....Illinois paid a liberal bonus to its servicemen in both wars....Men who have not been paid, but made application, will do well to follow up this lead....Write Benjamin O. Cooper, Auditor of Public Accounts, Springfield, Illinois.

IDAHO HOMESTEAD LAND OPEN:

A new section of 4,489 acres of irrigable public land, comprising 50 farm units, in the Payette Division of the Boise Project in Idaho has been opened for homestead entry....Preference is given to WW2 vets....The area lies just north of Middleton and Notus, marking east and west boundaries, at elevations ranging from 2,300 to 2,500 feet above sea level....Veterans interested can get further information from the Department of Interior, Bureau of Reclamation, Washington 25, D. C., or from the Irrigation Manager, Notus, Idaho....All applications for land in this opening must be filed in the office of the Irrigation Manager, Bureau of Reclamation, Notus, Idaho, by 2:00 p.m., January 3, 1950.

ORCHIDS TO STATE VET SERVICE:

The New York Division of Veterans' Affairs reported in mid-October that a total of 4,630,401 services had been rendered veterans and their families through its several offices during the four preceding years. ...The agencies gave advice and assistance on matters of personal interest, including employment, education, training, compensation, pension and medical benefits.

DISABLED URGED TO REINSTATE NSLI:

Representative John E. Rankin, Chairman of the House Veterans' Affairs Committee, inserted a notice in the Congressional Record to all service-connected disabled veterans of WW2 who have dropped their National Service Life Insurance, that they have a right to reinstate it up to December 31, 1949, without examination....Chairman Rankin warned that if they should fail to take advantage of this opportunity between now and December 31, they and their families would lose the protection which this insurance provides.

GOOD-BYE TO THE WAR HORSE:

The horse has had its day, but must now give way to the mechanized arms of the United States Army.... Only 327 horses remain in the service of the Army, and 20 of these animals are attached to the ceremonial company at Fort Myer, Va....The remainder are scattered, used as draft animals and as mounts for guards patrolling widely isolated areas at certain Army posts....June, 1944, saw the last of the horses in artillery units....The last cavalry unit turned in its mounts in December, 1944....Army's horse breeding program was shifted to the Department of Agriculture in July, 1948....Now, the Army has announced that it is definitely through with its participation in horse shows and other equestrian events....Lack of mounts and pressure of military affairs in a mechanized force does not permit long training needed to qualify show riders.

RETURN OF MEXICAN BATTLE FLAGS:

Legion-sponsored legislation to return to Mexico 66 battle flags captured in the war of 1846-48 ap-

pears headed for passage early in the new session next year....Bills calling for return were introduced in the Senate by Senator Tom Connally, Texas, and in the House by Representatives Lloyd M. Bentsen, Texas, and Charles R. Howell, New Jersey....Return of the standards as a good-will gesture was urged by the National Executive Committee of the Legion last May in approving a resolution initiated by the Department of Mexico....Property of the U. S. Government, the flags are now exhibited at the Military Academy at West Point, where they were placed by executive order of President Polk, dated February 16, 1848.

ERROR IN BENEFIT BILL CAUGHT BY LEGION:

An error in language in the Omnibus Veterans Benefit Bill (now Public Law 339, 81st Congress) which would deprive some thousands of WW1 vets of the increased rates was detected by the Legion's watchful team in Washington....Now, thanks to the prompt action of the Rehabilitation and Legislative divisions the oversight has been cured by a special bill....Director T. O. Kraabel and his staff of rehabilitation experts questioned the wording of the Bill, which attempted to rectify an injustice to WW1 "presumptives"....The intent was to restore full compensation to all such presumptive cases, and to give an overall 8.7 increase in basic rates....VA legal experts ruled that the bill as written and ready for passage did not do this; that a substantial number of the WW1 vets were not helped, or were only partially helped by the measure....Legislative Director John Thomas Taylor then attempted to cure the defect by a recommended amendment, so as to provide coverage certainly and without question for a group of over 160,000 WW1 vets who otherwise would not be entitled to an increase in the basic compensation rates....When this failed in the interest of early enactment of the measure, immediate steps were taken to secure remedial legislation.... Director Taylor requested Congressman John E. Rankin to introduce a Legion draft clearing the matter....This measure (H.R. 6301) was introduced by Mr. Rankin on October 3....The House Committee of Veterans Affairs, (Mr. Rankin, Chairman), reported the Bill favorably on October 14....Passed by the House on October 17, the Senate gave its approval on the following day....As a result of this alert and timely action - The American Legion was the only vet organization to urge it - the basic disability compensation rates of all war veterans rated 10 to 100 percent will be increased, effective December 1, (see "Vet Benefit Bill", page 37.)....The Legion bill rushed through Congress under a priority label guarantees that no disabled vet will be left out in the cold as a result of the original inadequate wording of H.R. 5598.

ARMY TO RELEASE 30,000 DRAFTEES:

Beginning December 1, a total of 30,000 Army draftees will be permitted to go back into civilian life, says Gordon Gray, Secretary of the Army.... The discharges will be offered to draftees with at least a year of service....Gray said the decision was made by Secretary of Defense Louis Johnson, and is designed to meet budget cuts....The cutback will, insofar as possible, be made in service troops rather than in combat units....No cuts are contemplated for the National Guard or the Organized Reserve Corps.

THROUGH THESE PORTALS PASSED FIGHTING MEN:

Camp Kilmer, Brunswick, New Jersey, will be deactivated as a military installation, beginning December 1....As the staging and processing camp for the Eastern area, more than five million troops passed through Camp Kilmer, going to or coming from overseas points, since its establishment in 1942....Its operations will be shifted to Camp Dix.

Programs For 1950 Laid Down By National Executive Committee; Major Legislative Objectives Are Fixed

First Emphasis to be Placed On Rehabilitation, National Security and Americanism

At its regular fall meeting held at the National Headquarters at Indianapolis on November 3d to 6th, the National Executive Committee, presided over by National Commander George N. Craig, laid down one of the most extensive and wide-flung programs for 1950 the Legion has ever attempted; fixed the major legislative program for the second session of the 81st Congress, and set the house in order to attain all objectives.

The national governing body heard General Dwight D. Eisenhower challenge the Legion and every citizen to "put his country above self," and heard him blow the whistle on the armed services on the squabbling between the services over unification; listened to Secretary of Defense Louis Johnson, a Past National Commander, in an off the cuff talk, give an ominously clear review of the state of the services.

Internal affairs of the national organization were given major attention, much of the time of the five long sessions was devoted to tightening the lines, closing up gaps, adopting a budget within the expected revenue of the current year, and organizing for vigorous, forthright campaigns for the objectives to which the Legion stands committed.

Of prime importance in fixing this program was the major legislative agenda which, by unanimous vote, gave priority to:

1. Rehabilitation, the first objective, including all measures and mandates now pending for the rehabilitation and readjustment of veterans of the two World Wars.

2. National security, embracing all commitments looking to the development of security in every phase, military and civil.

3. Americanism, covering a broad program laid down by the National Convention, and also includes uncompleted mandates of former years.

Prior to the convening of the National Executive Committee, the several standing Commissions and Committees were in session at Indianapolis to formulate progress reports and to make recommendations for the coming year. The annual Conference of Department Commanders and Adjutants, with the top ranking officials of nearly every Department present, was held on the three days immediately before the National Executive Committee was called

LOS ANGELES WINS 1950 NATIONAL CONVENTION

Los Angeles, California, was selected as the place for holding the 1950 National Convention by official action of the National Executive Committee as one of the first items of business when that body convened at National Headquarters on November 4. The dates fixed for the conclave were October 9 to 12.

This is a return engagement — the National Convention of 1938 was held in the City of the Angels. The Organization, both from the local and national viewpoint, will move into high gear very soon to complete arrangements to care for the nation's largest annual convention.

At the same time the National Executive Committee awarded the 1951 National Convention to the twin cities of Miami and Miami Beach, Florida. Final approval will be given by that body after conditions concerning housing and hotel rooms and finances have been met. The Legion has held two national meets in that area — in 1934 and again in 1948.

into session. Out of all these several meetings came suggestions, reports and recommendations for the consideration of the Legion solons.

Rehabilitation Program Clarified

A number of resolutions were adopted concerning rehabilitation and readjustment of war veterans covering objectives both legislative and administrative. The Legion, because of the increased load of disability claims, fully recognized the imperative need for expansion of the rehabilitation facilities, and provision was made for such expansion to meet the current needs. Among the more important pronouncements were:

1. Vigorous objection to any consolidation of the Veterans Administration with any group which would end specialized hospitalization for veterans, and any cutback in the VA hospital construction program which would eliminate 16,000 beds.

2. Raise in income limitation applying to pensions for veterans and widows of veterans to \$1,800 without dependents, and \$3,000 with dependents. The present limitation is \$1,000 without dependents and \$2,500 with dependents.

3. Urged program of recruitment of physicians for the VA, and asked that a training program for psychiatrists be continued. Called for a campaign to

Eisenhower and Johnson Speak On Unification and the State Of the Armed Forces

acquaint doctors with the proper method of making medical statements acceptable to VA, and requested the appointment of a qualified nurse, veteran of either World War, as Director of the Nursing Service of the VA.

National Security

The Legion's long standing program of National Security Training of all the nation's youth was reaffirmed, and opposition to the peace-time Selective Service was announced. The resolution declared that the Selective Service Act of 1948 was a milked-down substitute for the National Security Training program and recommended that it not be extended by Congress upon expiration in June, 1950. It was also urged that Congress set up an adequate civil defense program to be ready for possible atomic warfare; that all atomic energy information be retained as the exclusive property of our country "for the good of humanity as a whole;" that unification of the Armed Forces be completed speedily with "complete accord between the various components," and that the third Saturday of May in each year be set aside and observed as Armed Forces Day.

Americanism Program Strengthened

Supporting National Commander Craig in initiating a program to bring together in a solid front all patriotic, civic, church and other groups that have enlisted in the fight against the Russian brand of totalitarianism, Americanism was made the third point in the priority legislative agenda. The program, however, is much broader than the campaign against communist, fascist and other subversive movements; it includes all measures that further the well being of our youth and our national life.

The Committee approved the Nixon Bill (H.R. 3342) and the Hobbs Bill (H.R. 10), now pending in Congress. The former would require members of the communist party to register as a matter of public record, and the latter would put teeth in the alien deportation laws. Another resolution urged "extensive publication of all dangers to liberty" in warning of the misrepresentations fostered by the communist program.

The readmission of Fritz Kuhn, deposed leader of the German-American Bund, into this country was opposed;

President Truman's loyalty program was approved; Federal Judge Harold R. Medina, who presided at the months-long trial of the 11 communists in New York, was commended for his "service to God and Country and his fellow Americans."

Condemnation of the "intemperate and indiscriminate use of derogatory appellations tending to impugn the loyalty of citizens" was expressed; and full approval and endorsement was given to H.R. 157, now in Congress, which authorizes the Attorney General of the United States to award to outstanding, courageous young Americans a medal for heroism, to be known as the "Young American Medal for Bravery." This measure has passed the House.

Resolutions thanking the Ford Motor Company, and J. G. Taylor Spink, publisher of *The Sporting News* for exceptional service in support of Junior Baseball were adopted. The 20 National Commander Scholarships, which have been awarded annually, were dropped, with the provision that all scholarships previously awarded will be valid until December 31, 1953. It is believed that many times this number of children of veterans can be aided through scholarships available from other sources, through assisting eligibles to obtain such scholarships.

Eisenhower Stirs Comment

Highlights of the week of meetings were the addresses of General Dwight D. Eisenhower delivered to the Executive Committee in session, and that of Secretary of Defense Louis Johnson at the National Commander's dinner at the Indiana Athletic Club. Both, as would naturally be expected, dealt primarily with the Armed Services and national security, and both speakers could qualify as experts on their subjects.

Speaking as an old soldier to men of a common service, General Eisenhower did not dwell on flights of oratory, but got right down to earth and to solid facts. "We must stop this fight between the armed services or the dream of unification will become a nightmare," he declared, adding that the responsibility for friction could not be charged against any one of the services.

"We're spending too damn much money to be careless about it," the General continued. "We need planning in advance and more co-ordination between the executive and legislative branches of the Government. The appearance of strength is our greatest assurance of safety in the world today. Conditions in the world do not justify complacency."

"Throughout the world people are asking: what is the temper of the United States? Our strength must be not only military but economic and industrial and, call it what you will, spiritual."

Must Keep Ahead

Secretary Johnson pointed out that atomic energy has been developed "in other lands" and that the country must move swiftly to maintain its supremacy.

"The breath of those close behind us is warm on our neck. Our weapons must be developed for use, not against a theoretical enemy, but for defense against a great land power. Our strategy must be to strike where he is likely the weakest—his long lines of communication and transportation, his production facilities—and to defend ourselves against the strategy upon which he is likely to concentrate—a blitz ground attack against the nations friendly to us and atomic raids upon our industrial cities.

"We believe," the Secretary continued, "that we still have munitions that can inflict greater damage on adversaries than they can inflict upon us, and better defenses to thwart their aggressive designs."

The Secretary stressed the importance of the Navy in a conflict with a foreign power, and outlined the mission of that arm against a potential enemy of today in keeping open the sea lanes to any part of the world.

"The United States Navy," he said, "as a vital member of our unified national defense must be adequately equipped at all times in the way best designed to fulfill the roles and missions arising out of these objectives. We must have a Navy that guarantees us freedom of the seas."

DAILY PRAYER FOR WORLD PEACE ASKED BY LEGION

At its meeting at Indianapolis on November 6th, the National Executive Committee adopted a resolution calling for a noontime Daily Moment of Prayer for world peace, and asked that all officers of the Legion "seek to have this Moment of Prayer observed by Legionnaires as an example and an encouragement to all citizens in furtherance of a common aspiration."

"Having complete confidence in the ability of our fellow men, with the aid of Almighty God, to establish a just and enduring peace in the world," the resolution recites in calling for the Daily Prayer. "It is recommended that all Legionnaires everywhere pause for one minute in each day at noontime in their employments of whatever kind to raise their hearts and minds to God asking that He help us to so adjust our differences among men as to enable the nations of this world to secure an equitable and abiding peace."

Originating in Henry J. Sweeney Post, Manchester, New Hampshire, the resolution was presented by Reverend Father Edward J. Carney, O.S.A., National Chaplain.

Appointment of Committees

One of the final acts of the National Executive Committee was to confirm the report of the Committee on Committees, listing the names of more than a thousand Legionnaires who will serve during the current year as members of the National Standing Committees and

Commissions, Chairmen and Vice Chairmen, who will work with National Commander Craig to mold and direct the programs and policies of the Legion are:

AMERICANISM COMMISSION—Chairman, James F. Green, Omaha, Neb.; Vice Chairmen, Dan C. Hartbauer, Pittsburgh, Pa., and Robert R. Wright, Ironwood, Mich.

ACCIDENT PREVENTION COMMITTEE—Chairman, Clarence E. Lynch, Burlington, Vt.; Vice Chairmen, Eugene W. Biscailuz, Los Angeles, Cal., and Ben T. Watkins, Macon, Ga.

LAW AND ORDER COMMITTEE—Chairman, George Mingle, Columbus, Ohio; Vice Chairman, Erwin R. Lehmann, Langdale, Ala.

MARKSMANSHIP—No Director appointed; Assistant Director, Abe Shelly, Steelton, Pa.

SONS OF THE AMERICAN LEGION—Chairman, J. B. Koch, Norman, Okla.; Vice Chairman, Joe Kise, Moorhead, Minn.

CHILD WELFARE—Chairman, Dr. A. H. Wittmann, Philadelphia, Pa.; Vice Chairman, David V. Addy, Detroit, Mich. Area Chairmen: (A) Harry Kamens, Terryville, Conn.; (B) John C. Donovan, Washington, D. C.; (C) Charles M. Mitchell, Monroe, La.; (D) Glen B. Hillis, Kokomo, Ind.; (E) Edwin G. Hobbs, Albuquerque, N. Mex. Area Vice Chairmen, (A) Thomas P. Athridge, Roslindale, Mass.; (B) George A. Leber, Tonawanda, N. Y.; (C) Dr. Garland D. Murphy, Jr., El Dorado, Ark.; (D) Cliff Bomberger, McPherson, Kans.; (E) Stanley F. Dunmire, Napa County, Cal.

EDUCATION OF ORPHANS OF VETERANS—Chairman, Major General P. C. Harris, Washington, D. C.; Vice Chairmen, George O. Demke, El Reno, Okla., and Amos O. Hughes, Albuquerque, N. Mex.

NATIONAL CONVENTION COMMISSION—Chairman, Vincent A. Carroll, Philadelphia, Pa.; Vice Chairman, George H. Stott, Larchmont, N. Y.

CONTEST SUPERVISORY COMMITTEE—Chairman, J. Earl McCurdy, LaPorte, Ind.; Vice Chairman, Stephen A. Manning, Marlboro, Mass.

DISTINGUISHED GUEST COMMITTEE—Chairman, A. L. Starshak, Chicago, Ill.; Vice Chairmen, John Hale Hackley, Cleveland, Ohio; Edward J. Barrett, Springfield, Ill.; Charles Rochester, New York, N. Y.; General Frank Schwengel, New York, N. Y.; Col. Jacob Arvey, Chicago, Ill.; Dr. Martin Spellman, Boston, Mass.; Glenwood J. Sherrard, Boston, Mass.; Jerry J. Brown, New York, N. Y.; John Ford, Hollywood, Cal.; Earl Coffman, Palm Springs, Cal.

TRANSPORTATION COMMITTEE—Chairman, F. H. Baird, New York, N. Y.; Vice Chairmen, Frank W. Wilson, Jacksonville, Fla.; F. G. FitzPatrick, Chicago, Ill.; Frank Roark, Seattle, Wash.; J. T. Garbett, Pittsburgh, Pa., and Charles D. McNaught, Topeka, Kansas.

ECONOMIC COMMISSION—Chairman, Lawrence J. Fenlon, Chicago, Ill.; Vice Chairman, Paul Brown, Shreveport, La.

AGRICULTURAL AND CONSERVATION COMMITTEE—Robert D. Morrow, Brandon, Miss.; Vice Chairman, C. D. Kingsbury, Lowville, N. Y.

EMPLOYMENT COMMITTEE—Chairman, Spence S. Boise, Bismarck, N. Dak.; Vice Chairmen, Salvatore A. Cappodice, North Hollywood, Cal.; Frank G. Orndorff, Waynesburg, Pa., and John L. Connors, Hartford, Conn.

HOUSING COMMITTEE—Bertram E. Giesecke, Austin, Texas; Vice Chairman not named.

LABOR RELATIONS COMMITTEE—Frank R. Kelley, Dorchester, Mass., representing industry, and Walter L. Angle, Waterbury, Conn., representing labor.

VETERANS' PREFERENCE COMMITTEE—Chairman, Raymond R. McEvoy, Stoughton, Mass.; Vice Chairmen, Willard W. Smith, Caliente, Nevada; Herbert J. Jacobi, Washington, D. C., and Norman D. Dunbar, Los Angeles, Cal.

FINANCE COMMISSION—Chairman, William J. Dwyer, Cortland, N. Y.; Vice Chairman, Harold Redden, Springfield, Mass.

EMBLEM COMMITTEE—Chairman, Julius Levy, Uniontown, Pa.; Vice Chairman, Dee Holder, Los Angeles, Cal.

INVESTMENTS POLICY COMMITTEE—Chairman, James R. Favret, Cincinnati, Ohio.

OVERSEAS GRAVES DECORATION TRUST—Chairman, George N. Craig, Indianapolis, Ind.; Vice Chairman, Perry Brown, Beaumont, Texas; Treasurer, Neal Grider, Indianapolis, Ind.; Secretary, Henry H. Dudley, Indianapolis, Indiana.

FOREIGN RELATIONS COMMISSION—Chairman, William Verity, Middletown, Ohio; Vice Chairmen, Charles A. Gonser, Spokane, Wash., and Leon Happell, Stockton, Cal.

INTERNAL AFFAIRS COMMISSION—Chairman, William J. Lowry, Hartford, Conn.; Vice Chairman, Max Brents, El Centro, Cal.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS COMMITTEE—Chairman, Samuel M. Birnbaum, New York, N. Y.; Vice Chairman, Walter E. Rountree, Tallahassee, Fla.

GRAVES REGISTRATION AND MEMORIAL COMMITTEE—Chairman, Mancel B. Talcott, Waukegan, Ill.; Vice Chairman, Jack L. Newman, Jr., Ponca City, Okla.

MEMBERSHIP AND POST ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE—Chairman, J. Victor Glasson, Las Vegas, Nevada; Vice Chairmen, Irvin R. Snyder,

(Continued on page 36)

Congress Accepts Recommendations Of Legion At Close Of 1st Session

Many Veteran Gains Won In Spite of Fight to Sabotage Established Benefits

BY JOHN THOMAS TAYLOR
National Legislative Director

Following one of the longest peacetime sessions in the history of the country, the first session of the 81st Congress adjourned on October 19. In addition to the length of the session, Congress broke its peacetime record in the amount of expenditures authorized. Barring any unforeseen emergency, necessitating the calling of a special session, Congress will not again meet until January 3, 1950 when the second session will convene.

Since our report in the November issue of the *American Legion Magazine*, legislative developments of particular interest to The American Legion were outstanding. Before the 81st Congress convened last January, an economy drive of considerable proportions, particularly directed at veterans' benefits, had developed. This trend continued all during the session, being greatly encouraged by recommendations of the so-called Hoover Commission on Reorganization of Government Agencies. Also, those same elements which not only opposed our legislative program for the benefit of veterans and their dependents, but endeavored to secure administrative or legislative action to deprive veterans and their dependents of benefits heretofore granted, have been extremely active. The employment and retention rights of approximately one million veterans now on the Federal payroll, as well as thousands of veterans undergoing education and training programs under the American Legion's GI Bill, have been jeopardized by a well-organized and well-financed fight to sabotage the Veterans Preference Law. Regardless of these and other obstacles we have had to overcome, it is gratifying to report that the veterans and their dependents have not been deprived of a single benefit heretofore provided by Congress while, on the contrary, laws have been enacted improving and strengthening the position of the veterans and their dependents.

Omnibus Benefit Law

The President signed The American Legion's Omnibus Bill, H. R. 5598 (now Public Law 339), to increase compensation for World War I presumptive service-connected cases, provide minimum rating for service-connected arrested tuberculosis cases, increase certain disability and death compensation rates, liberalize requirement for dependency allowances, and redefine the terms "line of duty" and "wilful mis-

conduct." As enacted, Public Law 339 did not provide for increasing compensation for approximately 150,000 World War I veterans being compensated by Public Law 141 — 73rd Congress. To correct this discrepancy, Representative John E. Rankin (Mississippi), Chairman of the House Veterans' Affairs Committee, introduced our bill, H. R. 6301, during the closing days of the session. Unprecedented speed in the legislative clearance of H. R. 6301 was largely due to the able and aggressive leadership of Chairman Rankin and Senator Walter F. George (Georgia), Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee. The law was signed by the President on October 29.

Veterans Administration

Additional appropriation of \$15,000,000 for administrative expenses for the Veterans Administration for the 1950 fiscal year was provided in a supplemental appropriation bill, H. R. 6427, approved by Congress and sent to the President. These funds will come from the unobligated balance of funds appropriated for such purposes for the 1949 fiscal year. The amount originally requested by the Veterans Administration was \$17,500,000. However, the \$15,000,000 will enable the Administration to operate with a possible shrinkage of 700 reduction in personnel, which will be absorbed by freezing replacements.

This bill was also amended by the Senate to provide funds for housing in

THIRD MEMBER OF FAMILY WEARS WW1 2nd LT. BARS



At a graduation ceremony held at Vance Air Force Base, Enid, Oklahoma, WW1 veteran Bradley R. Taylor, Rhinelander, Wisconsin, proudly pinned the "family 2nd lieutenant bars" on the shoulders of his son, Lieutenant Perry Taylor. The bars are older than the young officer. They were first worn by his father when he was commissioned a 2nd Lieutenant, Infantry, in WW1, and then again by his brother, Douglas, who was graduated from cadet training in 1944. Legionnaire Bradley Taylor, member of Rhinelander Legion Post, is a member of the Legion's National Legislative Committee.

the City of Philadelphia of approximately 5500 employees in connection with the National Census. The bill specifically provided \$875,000 to cover cost of moving the Veterans Administration office to other unspecified quarters in order that the Census Bureau could occupy the present VA offices. Such a move would have been extremely inconvenient for the Veterans Administration and would have impaired the efficiency of that office. The National Legislative Director presented the matter to some of the members of the House Senate Conference Committee considering H. R. 6427. As finally adopted, the bill makes provision for housing of the 17th Decennial Census at Philadelphia, but it was agreed by the managers on the part of the House and Senate that space in Philadelphia is to be provided for the Census Bureau, *without moving any office of the Veterans Administration.*

Hospitalization

The President signed the American Legion-supported bill, H. R. 6022, increasing the rates of compensation of certain employees of the Department of Medicine and Surgery of the Veterans Administration (Public Law 349).

Social Security

By a vote of 333 yeas to 14 nays, the House passed H. R. 6000, the Social Security Expansion Bill. *Of particular importance to all veterans was a provision in the bill recommended by The American Legion to grant a wage credit to veterans of World War II of \$160 per month for time spent in military service.* As passed by the House, the bill carried out in whole or in part eight additional American Legion recommendations, as follows:

1. Remove penalty on veterans A. S. S. I. (Resolutions 799, 1947 National Convention and 754, 1948 National Convention).
2. Extend coverage in OASI to uninsured groups (Resolutions 802, 1947 National Convention and 754, 1948 National Convention).
3. Disability insurance (Resolutions 803, 1947 National Convention and 754, 1948 National Convention).
4. Permanent extension of Section 210 (3 year clause). (Resolutions 800, 1947 National Convention, and 754, 1948 National Convention).
5. Increase benefits to children (Resolutions 801, 1947 National Convention and 754, 1948 National Convention).
6. Grant ADC Federal Reimbursement partially on economic capacity of State (Resolutions 798, 1947 National Convention and 754, 1948 National Convention).
7. Assistance for Mothers who stay home to care for ADC children (Resolution 797, 1947 National Convention and 754, 1948 National Convention).
8. Include Puerto Rico and Virgin Islands under provisions of Social Security Act, as recommended in previous Legion resolutions.

The Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee has indicated that hearings on H. R. 6000 will commence shortly after Congress convenes in January. The National Legislative Commission has made formal request that representatives of the Legion may appear and present our recommendations.

Housing

The President signed The American Legion-supported measure, S. J. Res. 134, to amend the National Housing Act (Public Law 387). The resolution was amended so as to permit national banks

to purchase securities and otherwise participate in the military rental housing program, and to establish a 100% secondary market for GI loans. This latter amendment was extremely important to veterans in that it provided for the purchase by the Federal National Mortgage Association from banks 100% of their portfolios of GI home loans under Section 501 of the Servicemen's Readjustment Act. Authorities in the field of home loan mortgages have indicated that this provision will greatly improve the availability of 4% money to veterans.

Homesteads

President Truman signed the American Legion-supported bill, H. R. 2514, authorizing direct Government loans to homesteaders on land in both the United States and Alaska (Public Law 316). The law authorizes the Secretary of Agriculture to make loans to homesteaders for any purpose specified under terms of the Bankhead-Jones Farm Tenant Act on the same basis as loans now made to farmers. Veterans having 90-day preference in applying for homestead land, will be greatest beneficiaries under the law.

Automobiles for Amputees

Congress passed and sent to the President the American Legion Bill, S. 2115, to authorize payments by the Veterans Administrator on purchase of automobiles or other conveyances by certain disabled veterans of World Wars I and II. The bill would provide automobiles for World War I and World War II veterans with service-connected loss or loss of use of one or both arms, one or both legs, or the sight of both eyes. Estimated cost of the measure is \$25 million. This Act was vetoed by President Truman on October 31.

Veterans Preference

The House passed H. R. 4285, to retroactively advance in grade, time in grade, and compensation certain employees in the Postal Field Service who are veterans of World War II. This bill would take care of a very limited number of Federal employees who are veterans, who did not receive the benefits of the McCormack Act because they were substitute employees.

Civil Service Pay Raise

With nearly 1,000,000 Federal employees having a veteran status, the passage of the following bills was of particular interest to the Legion: H. R. 5931, which would provide an average pay increase of \$140.50 for 885,000 classified employees; and H. R. 4495, which would give 500,000 postal employees a flat \$120 annual raise, as well as "fringe" benefits amounting to an average of \$120 for each postal employee.

Americanism

The House Committee on Post Office and Civil Service favorably reported The American Legion-supported bill, H. R. 5265, to require certain information to appear on matter mailed by or on behalf of certain communist, fascist,

totalitarian, subversive and other organizations.

Merchant Marine

The House Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries favorably reported The American Legion-supported bill, H. R. 5346, to amend the Merchant Marine Act to further promote the development and maintenance of the Merchant Marine.

Postal Rates

The House Committee on Post Office and Civil Service favorably reported H. R. 2945, to readjust postal rates. The Senate Post Office and Civil Service Committee had previously reported a similar bill, S. 1103. During consideration of these bills by the Senate and House Committee, The American Legion presented testimony in opposition to rates originally proposed, which would have increased the mailing cost of *The American Legion Magazine* approximately \$700,000. As reported, neither of the two above bills would provide any increase in the postage rate on our magazine.

PENNA. POST WON FIRING SQUAD CONTEST AT PHILA.

The Firing Squad of Glenside (Pennsylvania) Post No. 248 captured the American Legion Firing Squad championship with a score of 87.73 in a spirited contest with six other crack units at League Island Park during the recent National Convention at Philadelphia. This event had been combined with the Color Guard contest in 1947 and 1948, and in totting up the long list of winners of the various events it was again counted as a combination and credit was given James De Armond Golliday Post No. 8, Kokomo, Indiana, as the winner of both competitions.

The Keystone State unit is entitled to all honors as champs in the firing squad division, while the veteran Hoosier Color Guard has honor enough in its own field. Due apology has been made to the splendid Glenside Firing Squad for the regrettable error in reporting the competitions.

Territories

The Senate passed and sent to the President H. R. 2186, providing for construction of railroad connecting the existing United States Canadian Railroad with the Alaskan Railroad.

Legislative Bulletin

All pending bills not finally acted on by Congress, will retain their status when the second session convenes in January. Bills containing recommendations of the American Legion and Auxiliary have been reported by committees and in some cases, passed by either the House or Senate. To carry these bills to a successful conclusion, as well as to secure action on legislative recommendations of the Philadelphia National Convention and the November meeting

of our National Executive Committee, we will require the wholehearted cooperation and assistance of members of the Legion and Auxiliary, as well as all friends of veterans. Our Legislative Bulletin has proved of invaluable assistance not only in keeping our members promptly informed of developments in Washington, but in obtaining their assistance in connection with particular legislative problems. It is of the utmost importance that the Legislative Bulletin receive the widest possible distribution, particularly to Legion Posts and Auxiliary Units.

Renewals and new subscriptions for the Legislative Bulletin for the Second Session of the 81st Congress, which convenes in January, should be sent in promptly. Subscription of \$3.00, which is less than our actual cost, includes all Bulletins and Supplements issued during each Session of Congress. Subscriptions should be sent to the National Legislative Commission at the temporary address of the Washington Office, 734 15th Street, Northwest, Washington 5, D. C.

Displaced Persons

During the closing days of the Session, the National Legislative Commission was faced with a real fight to carry out the mandate of our Philadelphia National Convention in opposition to any liberalization of the Displaced Persons Law. In accordance with this resolution (No. 54), the National Legislative Director testified before a subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee in opposition to H. R. 4567.

Our resolution demanded of our Government heads that they strictly adhere to the existing laws and quotas allowing immigration to the United States, and particularly adhere to the laws now in force applying to displaced persons; also that steps be taken to curtail as far as possible any further immigration to this country at the present.

A Senate Judiciary Subcommittee had been making an extensive study of the entire immigration and naturalization problems, and its Chairman, as well as a subcommittee chairman of the House Judiciary Committee were in Europe for the purpose of obtaining first-hand information. S. Res. 160 was introduced in the Senate to discharge the Committee from further consideration of H. R. 4567, and bring it on the floor for consideration. The hearings not having been completed, the National Legislative Commission opposed this parliamentary move, and when the proponents ascertained they would not be successful because we had 46 votes against their 22, they then proceeded to have the bill itself reported, without recommendation, by the Senate Committee. When H. R. 4567 was brought up on the floor of the Senate, a bitter fight developed into a filibuster and, following three days of debate, the Senate, by a vote of 36 to 30, recommitted the bill to the Senate Judiciary Committee. It will again come up for consideration some time after January 3rd, when Congress reconvenes for the second session.

Pueblo (Colorado) Post No. 2 has awarded an American Legion Medal for Heroism to Walter Styduhar for saving 3-year-old Bobby Blackwell from drowning. Hero Styduhar was commended not only for the rescue but also for resuscitation by administering artificial respiration. . . . The Department of New Mexico has for the past nine years owned a one-story building at Albuquerque, used for headquarters. Having outgrown these quarters, a second story is being added at a cost of \$54,000, which will give the space needed for the Legion and office rooms to rent. . . . Edwin C. Creeger, Jr., Post No. 168, Thurmont, Maryland, has a new home under construction.

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The national champion drum and bugle corps, sponsored by Raymond A. Gabarina Memorial Post No. 1523, New York City, got a royal official welcome at City Hall, after a brilliant parade, on October 4. On this first official appearance after winning the title at the Philadelphia National Convention, the Corps received a certificate of "distinguished and exceptional service," and words of praise from Mayor William O'Dwyer, (Legionnaire), and Deputy Mayor John J. Bennett, Past Department Commander of New York. . . . T. W. Anderson, Adjutant of Burton Beyer Post No. 120, Palmer, Nebraska, was given a chicken feed and a Life Membership card on completion of 25 years of service as Post Adjutant. He then turned the job over to Wayne Gee.

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Rev. Harrison H. Black, D.D., 1949-50 Department Chaplain of Georgia, has served as Legion Chaplain in Florida, Texas, Washington and Georgia. Can any Chaplain match this record? . . . Two brothers were installed as Post Commanders in a ceremony at Bridgeville, Pennsylvania. The brothers are Keith Bee, who will command Bridgeville Post No. 54 in 1949-50, and George A. Bee, who will skipper the Oakdale Post No. 151. . . . David F. Perry was installed as Commander of Captain Edgar Dale Post No. 81, El Dorado, Kansas, by his father, Past Commander Frank Perry. The senior Perry is a veteran of the 31st Infantry in service in Siberia in WW1.

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A permanent memorial exhibit honoring the late Amelia Earhart, ace woman flyer, was unveiled in the National Air Museum of Smithsonian Institution, Washington, on October 7 as a climax to three years' effort of Amelia Earhart Post No. 678, Los Angeles, California. Central piece is a sculptured bust of Miss Earhart by Mrs. Grace Wells Parkinson. Other pieces were gathered by the Legion committee from various sources. Credited with initiating the movement, Miss Ann Rambo, Junior Past Commander, presided as mistress of ceremonies at the

unveiling. . . . Four Buller brothers, all overseas veterans, are members of Yellowstone Post No. 4, Billings, Montana. . . . Also, the seven fighting Marchiondo brothers, all overseas combat vets, have reupped for 1950 with their home Legion unit, Vaughan-Moore-Buhr Post No. 5, Raton, New Mexico.

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Luke-Greenway Squadron No. 1, Sons of the Legion, of Phoenix, Arizona, was national winner of the 1949 rifle postal match. Last year this team of deadshots annexed the State Junior Championship in small bore. . . . The Village Council of New London, Ohio, extended an official vote of thanks to Broome-Wood Post No. 292 for putting a coat of paint on the jail. One member donated the paint, another the spray outfit, and three more did the work. . . . "Long on ambition but short on cash," as Adjutant Harvey Goodwin puts it, the members of Cleveland Graphite Bronze Memorial Post No. 600, Cleveland, Ohio, are getting ready to build a Post home. Though they do not have a building lot, members of the Post are making the cement blocks, and have lined up manpower for the actual construction job.

ARMY-AIR FORCE GET NEW PENDANT FOR OLD RIBBON

During the course of WW2 the green and white Commendation Ribbon was created as a token of meritorious achievement or service. No medal was contemplated at that time and the award was called simply a "ribbon." On second thought a metal pendant, which, under other circumstances would be called a medal, has been struck and is available to all eligible holders of the Army-Air Force Commendation Ribbon.



It is estimated that 500,000 Army and Air veterans have been awarded the distinctive green and white ribbon and are now eligible to wear the pendant. It is a bronze hexagon with an American bald eagle on the obverse and the words "For Military Merit" on the reverse.

Army personnel can obtain the pendant (medal) by applying to The Adjutant General of the Army, Washington 25, D. C. Air Force personnel should apply to the Director of Military Personnel, Headquarters U. S. Air Force, Washington, D. C.

A copy of the commendation and the specific authorization for the award must be forwarded with each application. In the case of deceased personnel to whom the Commendation Ribbon has been awarded, next of kin may apply for the decoration.

Speaking of building projects, the West Virginia Legionnaire for October has mention of seven Mountain State Posts now in new home-making work, ranging from Chester Post No. 121, at the extreme northern tip, to War Post No. 43 in the southern tier. Between are Hamlin Post No. 111, Robert M. Deaner Post No. 169, Sophia; Tyler County Post No. 48, Middlebourne, and Fairmont Post No. 17, which has outgrown its present fine home. . . . Some years ago Guy E. Herrick, 28 Shepard Street, Westfield, Massachusetts, found a silver finger ring of WW1 vintage in the Westfield River. The ring, obviously made of a carefully pounded out French silver franc piece with the lettering "Republique Francaise, Liberte-Egalite-Fraternite, 1918" still legible. Inscribed are the words "Art. Lt. W. U. Hudson, 54." Herrick would like to return the ring to its owner — if Lt. Hudson is still kicking about, he can get his souvenir by making proper identification.

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Frank J. Schneller, Madison, Wisconsin, Past Department Commander of the Wisconsin Legion and for years Director of the National Marksmanship Committee, is the new National Commander of the Military Order of the Purple Heart. . . . Associated veterans organizations gave a testimonial dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, to Irving Geist in appreciation of his efforts in behalf of wounded, sick and disabled veterans. Mr. Geist was awarded the Novelli Medal, created in 1941 by the New York Legion. . . . Members of Earl D. McVey Post No. 16, Mansfield, Ohio, presented a variety show to hospitalized veterans at Crile General Hospital, Parma. Ice cream, cakes and coffee were served to the 650 patients.

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Commander George C. Reinmiller, Hollywood Post No. 105, Portland, Oregon, is a WW2 Navy vet, plays in the State Legion Band, is President of the Portland Americanization Council, member of Naval Reserve, member of Draft Board, Director of the Oregon Prison Association and Y. M. C. A., is active in the Lions, Elks and Eagles, and practices law on the side. His wife and two daughters, Karen and Sandra, are members of the Auxiliary, and the four sons, George, Robert, Bill and Allan, are Members of Hollywood Squadron, Sons of the Legion. . . . Tennessee Legion has launched a state-wide "Teach Religion" campaign. Department Commander Frank G. Clement calls the program "the most important ever conducted by the Legion" and has requested Post officers to contact church and religious leaders of all faiths in every community to inform them of the program.

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When Alvin N. Dugar was installed as Commander of Drapeau-McPhetres Post No. 80, Danvers, Massachusetts, two National officers of the Legion were present to assist in the ceremony — National Chaplain Edward J. Carney, Lawrence, and National Executive Committeeman Tracy Dibble, of Lynn.

NSLI Dividend Checks Will Advise Veterans

"Use It Wisely—Buy U. S. Savings Bonds"

The American Legion has pledged its complete support to the Treasury Department in achieving the success of a most important promotion. Throughout the nation Legionnaires will soon be urged by national and local leaders to set aside some part of their National Service Life Insurance dividends in United States Savings Bonds.

Shortly after the middle of January, 1950, 16,000,000 WW2 veterans will be the recipients of a financial windfall, when dividend payments totaling \$2.8 billions are distributed. Payments will average around \$150, and in some cases will reach \$528 — the maximum.

What the veteran does with his dividend payment — whether he spends it wisely or foolishly, how much of it he uses for today's needs and how much he sets aside for the needs and emergencies of tomorrow — is a matter of serious concern to bankers and businessmen alike. Furthermore, it will exert a very real effect on the economic well-being of the nation.

Each check will carry on the endorsement side a message of profound significance to the recipient and his family: "Use It Wisely — Buy U. S. Savings Bonds." Thus 16 million veterans will be reminded that what they *save* they *have* — and that United States Savings Bonds are still the safest, surest, *most profitable* investment.

The five million veterans who today are members of organized veterans' groups will be advised at national, state, and local levels to invest part of their dividend checks in Savings Bonds. On October 20, 1949, representatives of five Congressionally chartered veterans' organizations and their auxiliaries met with Treasury officials in Washington to constitute themselves a National Committee charged with the responsibility of informing their collective membership of the importance of continued regular saving at this time. Leonce Legendre,

Assistant National Adjutant, represents the Legion on this Committee.

From the Legion's National Headquarters requests will soon go out to Department Commanders and State Auxiliary Presidents asking that they appoint Bond Chairmen for their respective organizations.

Already across the nation, Legion posts have swung into action. On October 18 George Hearn, Commander of the Georgia Department, wrote to Post officers throughout his state urging that they try to convince their members to invest *at least 50 percent* of each dividend check in Savings Bonds. Here is Commander Hearn's plan of action.

1. Discuss this program in open meetings.
2. Appoint a committee to distribute Savings Bonds literature and urge every member to invest as much of his check as he can in Savings Bonds as a splendid means of conserving these funds for future use.
3. Publicize this program widely in press and radio when dividend checks begin to move into the area; urge the cooperation of banks in recommending Savings Bonds to veterans as checks are cashed.

Today millions of Americans — men and women from all walks of life, from every part of this nation — can attest from their own personal experience that regular saving is, and has been for years, part of their "design for living." These are the people who hold \$48 billions in Savings Bonds — a sum which represents a tremendous reserve potential of deferred buying power. This sum means future business — for individual, state, and nation. It means security for the future — and the best assurance of the continued prosperity of our American institutions.

contest. It is provided, however, that no history which has been awarded a prize in any former contest shall be eligible for consideration unless it has been revised and brought down to January 1, 1950.

The judges will consider the histories in two parts: the printed volume and manuscript supplement which brings the history down to January 1st. Scrapbooks will not be accepted for judging unless they form a part of the history and are clearly indicated as an appendix.

All histories entered in this contest (which will become the property of National Headquarters) must be filed at National Headquarters not later than the end of business on July 3, 1950.

JOHN SULLIVAN TO DIRECT 1950 BROTHERHOOD WEEK

John L. Sullivan, Manchester, New Hampshire, former Secretary of the Navy, has been named General Chairman of Brotherhood Week, which will be observed nationally February 19 to 26, 1950, under the sponsorship of the National Conference of Christians and Jews. In accepting the chairmanship, he said: "During the week of February 19, 1950, let us all rededicate ourselves to the brotherhood of man under the Fatherhood of God and to the practices of the principles of brotherhood throughout the year."

Chairman Sullivan is a Past Department Commander of the New Hampshire American Legion.

CHECKS FLOWING OUT FOR DELAWARE WW2 VET BONUS

The WW2 service bonus authorized at a special session of the Delaware Legislature on October 1, is being received by eligible veterans of that State. Moving in high speed, Governor Elbert N. Carvel completed the organization of the Veterans Military Pay Commission immediately after authorization, and details of payment were quickly whipped into shape.

Formal application blanks became available on November 4, distributed through Legion Posts and other veteran organizations, and on November 11th the first check was handed to James P. Connor, Wilmington, Delaware's only living holder of the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Out-of-State eligibles may obtain application forms and information pertaining to the bonus payment from Henry Winchester, Jr., Executive Director, Veterans' Military Pay Commission, Wilmington, Delaware.

The law authorizes payment of \$15 per month for each month in stateside service up to a maximum of 15 months, or \$225 for wholly home service, and \$20 per month for overseas service, up to a maximum of 15 months, or a combined maximum of \$300. Service must have been in the Armed Forces between September 16, 1940, and June 30, 1946.

Post Awards 15 Life Memberships

New York Fire Department Post No. 930, one of the largest in the Empire State, at a recent public meeting awarded 15 life memberships to its charter members and Past Commanders in recognition of long years of faithful and efficient service. Charter Members honored were Peter Loftus, Chief of the New York Fire Department, John J. Glynn, Philip J. Ryan and Thomas K. Larkin. Past Commanders were Francis Doran, Hugh A. Halligan, Thomas A. Briody, John J. Starkey, George Poolt, Thomas J. Kehoe, George A. Ryan, P. Joseph Connolly, Warren S. Barton, and Harold J. Burke.

At the same meeting, 15th of the group, a life membership was awarded Gustave C. Marousek, who is serving his ninth term as Post Adjutant. Gold membership cards had been prepared for presentation at the public meeting.

CASH AWARDS FOR WINNERS OF POST HISTORY CONTEST

National Historian Monte C. Sandlin has announced that five substantial cash awards will be given to winners of the 1950 National Post History Contest, which will close on July 3. Broken down to give all Legion units an opportunity to participate, the rules provide for awards for two types of histories. The first type will include Posts seven years old or older, and the second type is restricted to Posts not over six years old.

The capital prizes are, for the first type, \$150, and for the second type \$100. Second award will be \$100 for type one and \$50 for type two. The third award of \$50 is restricted to type one. A suitable citation will accompany each award.

All Post histories which have been compiled since the organization of The American Legion may be entered in this

COMRADES IN DISTRESS

Co. E, 212th Infantry, Camp Blanding, Fla. — Need statements to support claim for injury from a fall in 1944; particularly Captain Mallory and Luther Hamilton, Bernard J. Davis, Jr., 4912 Forest Hills Ave., Richmond 24, Va.

U.S.S. Monrovia — Statements urgently needed from shipmates to prove claim for back injury in 1943; particularly Cox, Townsend; H. T. Orrell; Bozman, C. C. Halloman and Wilson. Please contact Harold W. (Bill) Donis, Goldendale, Wash. Regt. Hdqrs. 303rd Infantry, 97th Division — Need to hear from service comrades; very important. Granville (Jake) Powell, Coalton, Ohio.

USNTC, Brainbridge, Md. — Urgently need to locate men who served with me at this base October 4 to December 20, 1946. William L. Martin particularly. Write John Benjamin Holbrook, P.O. Box 235, Salyersville, Ky.

U.S.S. Vermont (1917-1918) — C. Albert Burgy, 1318 Green St., Philadelphia 23, Pa., needs statements from shipmates who know of injury to his right shoulder at Hampton Roads, Va. Write him.

U.S.S. Underhill — Shipmates who served with Robert E. Burkett in 1943 write his widow. Information needed. Mrs. Vivian Burkett, Rt. 7, Crawfordville, Ind.

ST-1019 — Men who served on this ship in Europe in 1944, particularly Mike Oreskovich, Ph. Mate, please write. Help needed to establish claim. R. R. Armstrong, 1406 18th St., Altoona, Pa.

U.S.S. Minnesota, 1905-1908, (U. S. Marines) — Urgently need to hear from old Marine service comrades on board Minnesota on cruise around the world, or stations at Charleston, S. C. and Mare Island who know of my injury by gun explosion at target practice aboard ship and also while playing ball on Marine-Navy team. George Ligon, 221 33rd Street, Manhattan Beach, Cal.

Co. B, 313th Infantry (WW1) — Harry Schroeder needs statement as to injury received in a fall into a ravine while in active service in France. Has been hospitalized for more than two years. Write Herman Zapf, Service Officer, Box 43, Lincoln Park, N. J.

203rd General Hospital, France — Raymond Satterfield, care O'Reilly VA Hospital, Springfield, Mo., urgently needs to locate Taylor Gooch, (last known address Rt. 4, Paducah, Ky.), who served with him as electrician helper in above hospital. Statement wanted.

Battery D, 54th CA (Corregidor, 1933) — Was injured while working on Malinta Tunnel about September 3, 1933. Need statements from service comrades. Please write. Christopher C. Lynes, Moline, Kansas.

Co. I, 135th Infantry — Mother of Staff Sgt. Larry G. Walter (killed in action Jan. 6, 1944) needs to hear from his service comrades, particularly the one who sent her money loaned by the deceased. Anyone who knew Staff Sgt. Walter in service write Homer C. Berlin, Commander, Loftness-Bandow Post, The American Legion, Gibbon, Minn.

Battery A, 14th FA, Fort Sill, Okla., (WW1) — Need statements of service comrades who know of my hospitalization and operation at above post. Worked in YMCA off duty hours, helping in boxing program, etc. Clarence A. Millet, 420 West Main, Jerome, Idaho.

Company B, 302nd Inf., 94th Division — Urgently need to hear from service comrades, particularly William Plato, Victore Fischer, Tony Battista, Tony Calondona, Marvin Bailey and Edsel Parrish. Claim pending, need statement about condition when treated in dispensary in Germany and hospital in Czechoslovakia, Julius (Jules) Cortez, 1669 Front St., Morgan City, La.

68th Coast Artillery (AA), Co. B — Need to locate a former officer, Paul F. Solecki, last seen by me in Italy in 1944, also Col. King. Statement wanted. William H. Beaton, Big Sandy, Tenn.

Co. F, 47th Infantry (WW1) — Calling all service comrades of William Henry Bogart who know of hospitalization or treatment of this veteran for bronchial trouble, asthma or tuberculosis during service or shortly after discharge, or if he had any treatment on or after 1923. Statements needed by widow to establish service-connection. Write Mrs. William H. Bogart, Box 27, Redondo Beach, Cal.

Medical Officers, Camp Stewart, and 414th CA Battalion — need statement from medical officer (Major) at Camp Stewart May, 1942, and also medical officer, 414th CA Bn. who treated me in Iceland in 1942. W. F. Dunaway, 1131 3rd Ave., Chula Vista, Cal.

26th Seabees — Need statements from men who were with me on Guadalcanal; please write. I was SC1c. Ralph W. Rutledge, 8 Caldwell Apt., Fort Dodge, Iowa.

Guadalcanal Vets. — Army or Marine personnel who remember Dale Land, Navy survivor who came through Guadalcanal in December, 1942, please write. Spent 21 days traveling through Island, arriving Henderson Field about December 6. Also survivors of U.S.S. Walke. Need statements; vital records lost. Dale E. Land, 38 Norman St., Green Ridge, Pa.

U. S. Naval Air Station, Norfolk, Va. — Shipmates of Harry D. Bellingham at this station between June, 1918, and January, 1919, please write. Statements needed to complete his claim for pension. Mrs. Harry D. Bellingham, 42 All States Court, St. Petersburg, Fla.

FATHER KETTELL KILLED IN AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT

Reverend Father George F. Kettell, D.D., Past National Chaplain of the Legion, was instantly killed on October 19th when his automobile crashed into a downtown building in Rochester, New York, his home city. He was returning from a visit to another priest shortly after midnight when, to avoid a speeding automobile, he swerved his car, lost control and struck the building.

Father Kettell was elected National Chaplain at the National Convention at Louisville, Kentucky, in 1929 and served in the administration of the late National Commander O. L. Bodenhamer.

Funeral services were held in Old St. Mary's Church of Rochester, of which he was pastor, on October 22 and interment followed in the Holy Sepulcher Cemetery. Rev. Father Edward J. Carney, National Chaplain, represented the national organization of the Legion at the last rites.

COMMUNITY SELF-HELP IS SPURRED BY PENNA. POST

Hazleton (Pennsylvania) Post No. 76 is proud of its part in the three-year campaign by which that anthracite-region city raised a no-strings-attached fund of \$659,000 which persuaded the Electric Auto-Lite Company, Toledo, Ohio, to place a \$2,000,000 plant there. The Post gave \$1,000 to the fund, and every one of its 700 members also made a contribution.

In 1946, with a roll of 4,000 unemployed and with coal mining prospects poor, the citizens realized that a new enterprise with a hefty payroll was the best answer to their problem. Every group in the city chipped in to the "cash only" campaign, climaxed in mid-October by the opening of the plant. Governor James H. Duff and Theodore Roosevelt, 3rd, Secretary of Commerce of Pennsylvania, congratulated the city and the company on the achievement, which they hailed as a triumph of the spirit of free enterprise.

"JOIN LEGION" STICKERS ON SALE AT HEADQUARTERS

A new "Join The American Legion" sticker for use in membership drives, for car windows and business places, has been placed on sale by the Emblem Sales Division at National Headquarters, Indianapolis, Indiana. These stickers are sold at one and one-half cents each, with a minimum order of 25.

Another item which is believed will help to stabilize membership, and which has already found a ready acceptance wherever it has been used, is a "Certificate of Initiation." Attractively designed, this certificate is intended for presentation to new members. The retail price is ten cents each, regardless of quantity.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

731st Ordnance (L-M) Co., 31st Infantry Division — 2nd annual reunion at Hotel Astor, New York City, April 29-30, 1950. Write Edgar G. Bryant, 332 Mamaroneck Ave., Mamaroneck, N. Y. 9th Army and Attached Personnel — Reunion at Beekman Towers, 1st Avenue and 49th St., New York, December 10. Write or call William E. Guth, 1335 McGraw Ave., New York 62, N. Y. Talmadge 9-0199.

29th Division Association — 5th annual get-together under sponsorship Pittsburgh Post 76, February 3, 1950, at Cadillac Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa. For details write B. A. Goldsmith, 731 Copeland St., Pittsburgh 32, Pa.

87th Chemical Mortar Battalion — Reunion planned for 1950, following successful 1949 meet at Cambridge, Mass. Members of Battalion who have not been informed, write Herman J. Parker, 4 Terrace Ave., Taftville, Conn.

193rd General Hospital — 1950 reunion in planning stage, all personnel. Write Emily Hausmann, 392 N. Charlotte St., Pottstown, Pa.

U.S.S. Venus (AK-135) — All shipmates being called for first reunion at St. Louis, Mo., July, 1950. For full details write Rodney R. Robillard, 1046 86th Avenue West, Duluth 8, Minn., or C. M. Smith, 1232 West 2nd St., Pomona, Cal.

U.S.S. Houston (CL-81) — First reunion being planned. All personnel write Peter J. Mahoney, 3rd, 130-10 Van Wyck Blvd., South Ozone Park, N. Y.

15th Engineers — 30th annual reunion at Fort Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., April 29, 1950. Both World Wars. For info write William H. Turner, Secretary, 238 8th Ave., Laurel Gardens, West View, Pittsburgh, Pa.

214th CA GRP, 950th AAA (AW) Battalion — 3rd annual reunion at Providence, R. I., March 18-19, 1950. Write John Headley, 42 Van Buren St., Lakewood, R. I.

U. S. Naval Armed Guard — Reunion planned, guard personnel all ships. For information, date, etc., write William Monnot, 428 East 136th St., Bronx 54, New York, N. Y.

23rd Engineers Association — Annual meeting, Morrison Hotel, Chicago, Ill., Friday, January 27, 1950, at 8 P. M. Ex-members 23rd Engineers (WW1) and 23rd Armored Bn. (WW2) will attend. Contact James P. Henriksen, Secretary, 2922 North Kilborn Ave., Chicago 41, Ill.

209th Coast Artillery (AA) and parent organizations, 1st N. Y. Cavalry and 121st Cavalry — 2nd annual reunion at Culver Road Armory, Rochester, N. Y., February 11, 1950. For info and reservations, write 209th Association, 145 Culver Rd., Rochester, N. Y.

NEW YORK POST HAS YEAR- LONG CHRISTMAS PROGRAM

Combining the Yuletide spirit with the spirit of service, Advertising Men's Post No. 209, New York City, each year solicits gifts from its members and friends to augment the weekly welfare pool and contributions to the Post Welfare Fund. Just before Christmas each year these gifts are auctioned off.

Proceeds from this auction, running well over \$2,000, are put into a separate, interest-bearing bank account and are restricted to use for direct aid to veterans in hospitals and for needy Post members. Expenditures are made from the fund throughout the year. In a just issued bulletin, the Post sums up tangible results since last Christmas: 28 Emerson radios with Sonotone bone conductor hearing attachments; books and periodicals in quantity; new type for previously purchased embossograph machine; plastics, wood, textiles and other materials for rehabilitation purposes; 125 air-foam rubber seat cushions with washable covers for wheelchair patients; combination air compressor and paint sprayer for manual arts shop; milling machine and shaper; printing paper and three fonts of printing type; photography accessories, and two cold food conveyors. All these went to nearby veterans hospitals for use of the patients.

Royal Welcome Accorded National Commander Craig by His Home Town

Brazil, Indiana, did itself proud on Thursday, November 3, when it staged one of the greatest homecomings ever accorded a newly-elected national commander of The American Legion. In his home city of 9,000 population, more than 30,000 Legionnaires and friends gathered to do honor to George N. Craig and to wish him well in his administration of the affairs of the greatest of veterans organizations.

A carnival atmosphere gripped the city. A squad of 33 state police troopers did their best to hold traffic in check, aided by the local force, and what a job they did. Everything moved along in the most orderly fashion, and when the more than two-hour parade passed down the main stem, the onlookers were packed eight deep along the sidewalks. Side streets were turned into parking lots. Business was suspended. It was George Craig's day.

It is believed that never before has the Legion in its wide-flung outposts been so generally represented at a Commander's homecoming. Held as it was on the open date between the adjournment of the conference of Department commanders and adjutants and the convening of the fall session of the National Executive Committee at the National Headquarters at Indianapolis, there were 46 department commanders in attendance, in addition to other official representatives from each Legion Department. Foreign departments, Canada, France, Italy, and the Philippine Islands, were there, as were notables in civil and military life from the Hoosier State and a half dozen surrounding states.

Governor Henry F. Schricker and Lieutenant Governor John A. Watkins, and Senator Homer E. Capehart, of Indiana, were among the early arrivals. John H. Weaver, President of the Brazil chamber of Commerce, was general chairman of the affair, while heading up the Distinguished Guest Committee were former Governor John Stelle, of Illinois, Past National Commander, and Linn Kidd. Governor Schricker proclaimed a state-wide "Craig Day," and Mayor Archie Hamm, of Brazil, set the day apart as a holiday for the 9,000 people of his city and for the strangers within its gates.

Two downtown streets were roped off. Big tents mushroomed for two blocks. Enough food and drink for a good sized army was spread out on tables under the tents. And everywhere the characteristic Hoosier friendliness bubbled—any place where the strangers gathered.

National Commander and Mrs. Craig held an informal reception at the Earle House, where thousands stood in line to shake their hands—but many only got close enough to take a peep at the distinguished Indianian who, for the

next year as leader of the Legion and spokesman for veterans, will be very much in the public eye.

The big parade began to form at noon at a rallying point six miles west of the city limits—the motorcade included a car for every Legion department, all well-filled with representatives. The motorcade was joined at the city limits by the marching units, musical organizations, and other groups. Starting promptly at three o'clock, the parade was headed by Commander and Mrs. Craig, the Commander's parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Craig, and Mrs. Craig's mother, Mrs. Anna Heiliger, riding in an open convertible. The official party reviewed the parade from a stand in the court house yard, where for more than two hours, moving in close formation, the colorful pageant of six miles of bands, handsome floats, 3,500 marchers, 40 and 8 box cars, and stunts moved by.

More than 40 musical units were in line of march. Smartly dressed bandmen and drum and bugle corpsmen, high-skirted majorettes representing Legion Posts, high schools and colleges—and the all-girl Hormel Legion Band of Austin, Minnesota—were roundly cheered as they marched down between the jam-packed lines of onlookers. It was a parade that would do full credit to most any Department Convention, and as colorful as the Royal Dragoons on dress parade.

Climaxing the day of the whopping homecoming were the more formal exercises in Brazil high school gymnasium when the Hormel all-girl Legion band put on a national radio show, with Morton Downey, famous radio tenor, as master of ceremonies. There were speeches by Governor Schricker, National Commander Craig, and by other distinguished Legionnaires.

Lashing out at the termites who are boring at our national life from within, Commander Craig pulled no punches. "Our first job is to eliminate the enemy termites in our midst," he asserted. "There is no room in the United States today for both the American Legion and communism, and the Legion does not intend to move out."

NATIONAL COMMITTEE APPOINTMENTS

(Continued from Page 30)

Tujunga, Cal.; Louis Nagy, Monongahela, Pa.; George J. Hearn, Monroe, Ga.; Arthur R. Chopin, Baton Rouge, La., and John Arnold, Shawnee, Okla.

PILGRIMAGE COMMITTEE—Chairman, James J. Murphy, Washington, D. C.; Vice Chairman, Dr. William B. Adams, Washington, D. C.

RESOLUTIONS ASSIGNMENT COMMITTEE—Chairman, Thomas J. D. Salter, Winnemucca, Nevada; Vice Chairmen, Harry Benoit, Twin Falls, Idaho, and Louis J. Canepa, Los Angeles, Cal.

TROPHIES, AWARDS AND CEREMONIALS COMMITTEE—Chairman, Clyde E. Rankin, Harrisburg, Pa.; Vice Chairman, D. Trotter Jones, Birmingham, Ala.

LEGISLATIVE COMMISSION—Chairman, Elmer W. Sherwood, Indianapolis, Ind.; Vice Chairmen, Lynn G. Peterson, Los Angeles, Cal., and Donald R. Wilson, Clarksburg, W. Va.

PUBLICATIONS COMMITTEE—Chairman, James F. O'Neil, Manchester, N. H.; Vice Chairmen, Dan W. Emmett, Ventura, Cal., and Lawrence W. Hager, Owensboro, Ky.

NATIONAL PUBLIC RELATIONS COMMISSION—Chairman, Herman Luhrs, Birmingham, Mich.; Vice Chairmen, Frank J. Becker, Lynbrook, N. Y., and Robert Attkisson, Clermont, Fla.

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THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA SEPTEMBER 30, 1949

ASSETS

Cash on hand and on deposit...	\$ 622,054.19
Receivables	245,922.94
Inventories	461,101.40
Invested Funds	961,740.96
Permanent Trusts:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund .. \$ 251,779.83	
Employees' Retirement Trust Fund .. 1,048,515.95	1,300,295.78
Real Estate, less depreciation..	279,556.76
Furniture and Fixtures, less depreciation	275,793.27
Deferred Charges	150,759.19
	<u>\$4,297,224.49</u>

LIABILITIES, DEFERRED REVENUE AND NET WORTH

Current Liabilities	\$ 160,993.75
Funds restricted as to use	269,204.54
Deferred Income	975,624.26
Permanent Trusts:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust	\$ 251,779.83
Employees' Retirement Trust	1,048,515.95
1,300,295.78	
Net Worth:	
Restricted Capital:	
Reserve Fund .. \$739,580.76	
Restricted Fund 13,023.14	
Reserve for construction of Washington Office	331,975.27
Real Estate 130,000.00	1,214,579.17
Surplus	167,281.92
*Excess of income over expense 8 months. 209,245.07	1,591,106.16
	<u>\$4,297,224.49</u>

*Most of the dues for 1949 have been received and credited. The excess of income over expense will be available for operations for the remaining three months of 1949.

(Continued from page 17)

herself. Reflex action had carried her that far, and an eye-witness backed up the almost unbelievable medical testimony.

Another story that's pretty hard for a gun expert to swallow is the one about a person who accidentally kills himself while he's cleaning a revolver. If you're actually cleaning the revolver, its cylinder is swung out of position and no matter what you do to the trigger or hammer, those cartridges can't be discharged. About the only way such an accident could occur, really, is if you're not cleaning, but polishing the gun, and in some awkward and wildly improbable way you swing it around, while you're rubbing it, so it's pointed at you. And in some equally improbable manner you're using a polishing cloth of sufficiently tough texture to catch on the trigger and pull it, and somehow, by some fantastic maneuver you do manage to catch that improbable tough cloth on the trigger and jerk it hard enough to pull that trigger while the gun is pointing at you.

How about the time of death that's so readily and positively established on our radio programs?

Again, that's fiction. Even a doctor won't commit himself on this except under unusual conditions.

There are a couple of tests, both too incomplete to help in many cases. Body heat decreases after death at an established rate, two degrees per hour, until the temperature of the surroundings is reached. But if the temperature of those surroundings is 98 or 99 or anywhere close to normal body heat, it's reached almost instantly. Inside a heated room, this test is useless if more than a few hours have passed.

The 1946 slaying of Miriam Green in Pottstown, Pennsylvania, was one in which temperatures and the time of death still are being debated in various courts. Mrs. Green, an attractive divorcee, was found dead, and nude, in her bedroom. At one period while her body was

lying there undiscovered, something had been wrong with the heating apparatus and the temperature dropped considerably. Later the front door of the apartment was left open; cold air blew in on a thermostat and as a result the heat in the bedroom itself rose to a stifling degree. Defense attorneys for a man accused of slaying her claim she was killed on a Friday; the state has its own doctors to testify she met death on a Sunday. Even medical men in this case can't get closer together than two full days.

Another test for time of death is the rate of coagulation of blood, but again that is of value only when a physician arrives fairly soon. After the blood has coagulated completely, then what?

Deterioration of the body itself is anything but regular, depending upon too many factors, such as outside temperature, condition of the body and cause of death. The same thing applies to rigor mortis, which sets in anywhere from two to twelve hours after death. And ten hours is enough to fix up anybody's alibi.

Actually, police depend upon external evidence mostly to determine the time of death, such as the exact minute when shots were heard. One important factor can be learned from an autopsy with the assistance of external detective work. The rate of digestion is fairly constant in everybody and it ceases upon death. If detectives can learn when a person took his last meal, the autopsy can tell the interval of time between that meal and cessation of life.

The size of a wound itself is another variable and undependable factor. Try a simple experiment; flex your arm. Note the loose flesh and skin just above the elbow. If a bullet entered that spot it might conceivably make a hole corresponding to the bullet's own size. Now straighten the arm out as a dying man would in falling. Notice how the skin has stretched. The hole itself would be twice the original size.

This applies in many spots on the body.

Skin covering the bony parts is stretched tight and would stretch further when torn by a bullet, enlarging the hole. Skin on a fleshy part of the body would fold, making the bullet-hole smaller.

Frequently doctors will diagnose on sight wounds in a body as stab wounds, probe them and find bullets, as in the case of Ray Woolf, shot to death in his auto trailer near Wichita, Kansas, this year. Doctor Marten, assistant New York City medical examiner, tells of finding a pencil-point red spot in the skin of a dead man ostensibly deceased from natural causes, probing the spot and digging out a broken scissors blade that had penetrated the heart. Cases are numerous in which bullet wounds disappeared in the same way, such as in the death of Hazel McEachin in Arkansas. Her death was presumed to be natural until an undertaker noted a lump behind her ear, cut it and a bullet fell out.

Another common mistake Captain Wave Length makes is in noting powder burns around a wound and instantly stating suicide, homicide or accident and estimating the distance at which the gun was held.

This is fine, presuming that the detective knows the type of cartridge used and the condition it was in. Otherwise it's useless. Black powder usually will pepper a wound at six feet; smokeless powder sometimes leaves no trace of either scorching or powder markings at two inches. No shot fired into a body at contact range will leave surface powder burns; the force of the explosion will carry it all inside the wound.

In spite of this a lot can be deduced from the corpus delicti—provided the corpus delicti is the dead man's body. For it often is not. "Corpus delicti" means proof of the crime; it must be established in any criminal case, from burglary on up, and it doesn't have anything to do with the body of the deceased except as the body helps to establish proof of a homicide.

Cases have occurred in which no body ever was found but corpus delicti of homicide was established—by eye-witnesses or by the tremendous amount of blood discovered.

Frankly, though, when Chief Wave Length blabs about the corpus delicti, establishes the time of death at a glance and the caliber of the death gun from the size of the wound, he isn't being quite as stupid as he was when he messed up the .357 Magnum and the .38 revolver.

For a .357 actually is a .38-caliber gun, and it can and does fire a .38-caliber Special cartridge. It's called .357 instead of .38 because it also fires its own powerful, high-velocity .357 cartridge, which is of the same diameter as a .38 but longer. Actually .38 is not the precise diameter of any gun; most .38's are very close to .357 in measurement.

No wonder Commissioner Air Wave makes so many boners. Wait till you hear him mess up the evidence of blood-typing or human hair or saliva tests, or ultraviolet and infra-red rays and the spectroscope. And the little understood and much abused lie-detector. He really goes to town on them.

THE END

IMP-ULSES

By Ponce de Leon





They Wouldn't Take "NO"

How a Legion Post got a public park

1933 — The U.S. government took over Rancho Park, 185 acres in Los Angeles, Calif., on a tax lien. Public spirited Cheviot Hills Post 501 of The American Legion suggested to the city and the U.S. that the land be made a public park. But the city declined to buy and the federal government declined to give.

1934 — While the Post continued its efforts to get the land for public use, the U.S. put it up for lease to the highest bidder, who happened to be an individual who wanted to operate a private golf course.

1935 — The individual operated his private golf course under a legal lease and the Post could do nothing but a bit of wishful thinking.

1936 — Still under individual lease, the land satisfied some golfers but not Post 501, which renewed its efforts through municipal and federal channels looking to the day the lease would expire.

1937 — These efforts succeeded to the point that the city's mayor made a trip to Washington to push the project. But the local Internal Revenue official was against it and no progress was made.

1938 — The individual who held the lease died and the deal was wide open again. But Los Angeles recalled its mayor and so Post 501, from the standpoint of its contacts, had to start all over again.

1939 — Cheviot Hills Post had a

bright idea. Would the federal government, it asked, trade the city-owned balloon field, which the U.S. leased in another part of town, for Rancho Park? Uncle Sam wasn't interested. Another idea: would the federal government swap Reeves Field on Terminal Island, which it leased from the city, for Rancho Park. Uncle Sam was interested. The deal went on the ballot and the voters agreed. But along came Los Angeles' Harbor Commission to overrule the election results because of the technical misuse of the word "grant" on the ballot.

1940 — Undaunted, Cheviot Hills Post got busy cultivating contacts and enlisting the aid of such groups as the Garden Club, Women's Club, P-T-A, the Legion Auxiliary and property owners concerned.

1941 — Uncle Sam sued Los Angeles (which also had a tax claim against the property) for a quit claim on the theory that the federal government had priority. It was a friendly suit to put the city in a position to acquire the land. But before this could be settled, World War II was on.

1942 — With war, everybody wanted Rancho Park. One company wanted it for oil wells, claiming the nation needed all the oil it could get. Another firm proposed to use the ground for low-cost housing for war workers. Para-

mount Studios looked longingly. A real estate firm tried to get it for a subdivision. With such competition, in face of war needs, Cheviot Hills Post nearly gave up.

1943 — The scramble for the land continued, but somehow Cheviot Hills Post managed to stall off all deals.

1944 — After eleven years of lobbying, persuading, cajoling, finagling and fighting, Uncle Sam finally agreed to sell its lien in the property to the city for \$200,000. The city happened to have the cash on hand and earmarked for park purposes, and so the deal was made. At long last Rancho Park was in city hands.

1945 — Busy with the war effort, the city did little, but the Post made sure that everyone in the city government understood that Rancho Park was to be a city park for public use.

1946 — Engineers began to draw plans for buildings and landscaping.

1947 — The first spade of earth was turned and the project was underway.

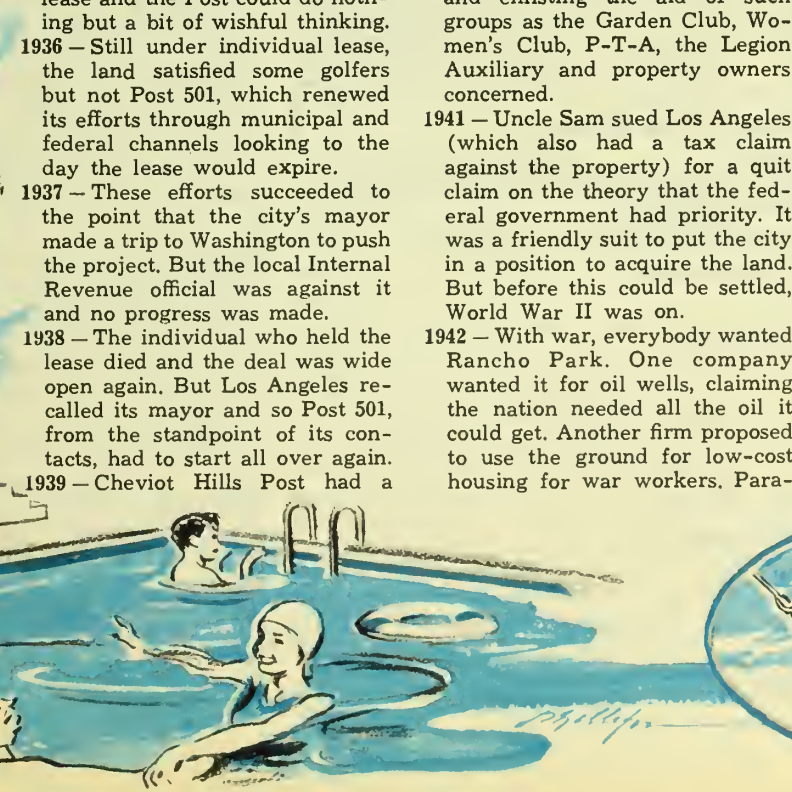
1948 — The ground was graded so that there is no more than a 2 percent rise between any two golf holes; \$22,000 was spent in seedings, \$12,000 in shrubs, 15,000 feet of irrigation pipe was laid, and buildings began to take form.

1949 — On July 9 the city opened Rancho Park to the public — a park complete with an 18-hole golf course, a 9-hole pitch and putt course, club house with lockers and dining room, refreshment stand and parking lot. On the same day, Rancho Park became the scene of the National Publix Golf Tournament, a \$20,000 event, unique in two respects: that so important a tournament would accept a new course, and that none of the players had ever played the course before. There was a parade and there, in prominent position, was an old 1905 model auto filled with Cheviot Hills Post members waving a banner proclaiming to all that Rancho Park was their idea and the product of their persistence.

1950 — The future is bright. The city expects to complete, before the year is over, a recreation hall with auditorium, a swimming pool, baseball diamond, casting and wading pool, children's playground and a bicycle track making Rancho Park a \$1,000,000 deal for the pleasure of the ordinary Mr. and Mrs. and their kiddies.

Moral: When they knock you down, get up.

THE END



MORE HEAT FOR LESS MONEY

(Continued from page 25)

attention only once every twelve hours.

The 1949 prize for furnace compactness could well be given to two pocket-size warm air heaters—"Saf-Aire" manufactured by the Stewart-Warner Corp. and a midget unit put out by the Chimney Furnace Corp. The Stewart-Warner unit, which burns either natural, manufactured, or bottled gas, is so compact that it can be installed between the studs of any exterior wall. Sold complete with a floor level thermostatic control unit, a "Saf-Aire" unit can be installed in each room of a house to provide "zonal" heating in which the heating requirements of each room are met individually. The heating units are particularly adaptable to small homes.

The Chimney Furnace Corporation's midget is a warm-air oil furnace that fits into a 25-inch square chimney. Provided with forced circulation, it forces the air down around a metal pipe which serves as the furnace's flue and out into the rooms. The "chimney furnace" is particularly well suited to basementless houses.

Most revolutionary of all modern home-heating units, however, is the "fuel-less" furnace. It burns none of the conventional fuels like oil, gas, or coal, but gets its heat from the earth!

Basically, the "fuel-less" furnace operates on the same principle that is used in your home electric refrigerator. In your electric ice box, a refrigerating unit, which by means of a compressor and expansion valve compresses and expands a gas, extracts the heat from the freezing unit. This collected heat then is dissipated into the room by means of cooling coils. Although the amount of heat given off is small, because the refrigeration unit is small, your electric refrigerator does help to keep your kitchen warm. In the "fuel-less" furnace, heat is extracted from the earth by a much more powerful refrigerator mechanism and is used to heat the entire house!

Water circulated by an electric pump through a loop of pipe extending down some 200 feet below the surface of the earth extracts the heat from the earth.

This water then is fed to the water radiator (similar to the ice-cube compartment of your refrigerator) of a large refrigerating system which then extracts the heat and uses it to warm the air of a conventional warm-air circulating system. Because the refrigerating unit is reversible, the "fuel-less" furnace also can be used as an air-cooling unit in summer to literally suck the heat out of the house and pump it into the earth.

Three manufacturers now are offering these heat-pump furnaces to home owners and more are planning to go into production. Although their cost, at the present moment, is more than one has to pay for a conventional coal, oil, or gas furnace, the additional cost is offset somewhat by the fact that they not only serve for winter heating but for summer cooling. The manufacturers have hopes that full-scale production eventually will make a \$1,000 package unit possible. That price would compare favorably with the \$700 that the home builder on the average now has to pay for a conventional heating system minus the added luxury of hot-weather air-conditioning. As to operating cost, in communities where electricity costs no more than 1 cent a kilowatt hour, the "fuel-less" furnace compares favorably with a furnace that burns coal at \$14 a ton or oil at 10 cents a gallon. At the moment, "fuel-less" furnaces are providing winter and summer comfort in homes as far north as Milwaukee and as far south as the Gulf!

In the rapidly-growing radiant heating field, the newest wrinkle is offered by the United States Rubber Co. in the form of easily installed Uskon radiant heating panels. The 4 by 4 foot panels, made of rubber that by a trick of chemistry conducts electricity and transforms it into heat energy, can be mounted in the ceiling of a room to provide downward radiant heating. In areas where the cost of electricity is comparatively low (1½ cents a kilowatt hour or lower), a five-room house can be heated by this easily installed radiant-heating system for about \$50 a year! Cost of installation in a five-room

house being built—about \$250, complete with thermostatic controls. Where electricity is cheap, the Uskon radiant-heating panels are well worth considering.

In the manufacturers' crusade against high heating costs, the owners of old but still usable heating plants have not been forgotten. There are a wide array of new controls available that are designed to coax more heat out of any furnace.

There's a brand new automatic temperature-control system that can be installed on any hand-fired furnace by any home owner. According to its manufacturers, the Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Company, it eliminates much of the bothersome guesswork of manual furnace operation.

If your home is heated by a conventional hot-air furnace, its operation can be improved efficiency-wise through the use of Thermo-Matic Registers made by the Dole Valve Co. With an individual thermostatically controlled register in each room, the temperature of each room can be controlled according to its use—bedrooms at a comfortable sleeping temperature, living rooms at a comfortable living temperature—with no unneeded heat wasted. Shutters in each register automatically open and close to maintain the desired room temperature.

Valuable heat that goes up the flue after an oil burner shuts off can be saved with an automatic chimney-draft control produced by the Sampsel Co. Operated by a thermostat, the device opens the flue damper after the oil burner stops, preventing the chimney draft from pulling the heat out of the combustion chamber and closes it just before the burner starts up again.

Still another heat-saving gadget for automatic furnaces is the Breathe-O-Stat developed by the McClarty Systems. It takes care of sudden winds and temperature drops that chill a house quickly. By responding to outdoor weather changes, it allows the furnace to operate for a longer period when these conditions exist and, by anticipating the indoor temperature change before it exists, saves fuel.

If you own an automatic furnace—oil, gas, or coal—and haven't had it checked for some time, the chances are that at least a third of the fuel you pay for is going up the flue instead of into heat to warm your house. You can now solve the mystery of your mounting fuel bill yourself with the aid of an ingenious furnace testing kit sold by the Bacharach Industrial Instrument Co. The kit contains all the necessary equipment—chimney draft gauge, flue-gas analyzer, and thermometer—to measure the efficiency of automatic home furnaces, and comes complete with an easily understood trouble-shooting chart to help you spot troubles and correct them. Although the kit is fairly expensive—it retails for \$40—there's no reason why you can't get together with your other fuel-wasting neighbors and buy one on a community basis. You'll be surprised just how much money a thorough furnace check-up can save you.

THE END

HAVE YOU CHANGED YOUR ADDRESS?

If your address has been changed since paying your 1950 dues, notice of such change should be sent at once to the Circulation Department, The American Legion Magazine, P. O. Box 1055, Indianapolis, Indiana.

BE SURE TO GIVE ALL INFORMATION LISTED BELOW

NEW ADDRESS

Name.....
(Please Print)

Street Address etc.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

1950 Membership Card No.....
(Include Prefix Letter)

Post No..... State Dept.....

OLD ADDRESS

Street Address etc.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

HOW TO SURVIVE A CRASH

(Continued from page 19)

jump, the depth of the impression where the person landed and the materials on which he fell.

He learned some startling things. A young woman washing a window of her small suburban home leaned too far and fell ten feet, dying at once. But a man, who fell from the roof of a seven-story apartment house while fixing an aerial, stood up, rubbed his bruised body and walked back upstairs.

De Haven points out that the woman landed on her head on a cement walk while the man fell on a parked car. A human skull falling on an unyielding surface, he explains, can crack sufficiently to cause death if it drops six feet or more. But the hood and front fenders of an automobile are sheet metal, which can yield and absorb the energy of a 100-foot fall.

"It's almost impossible to break a man's skull with resilient sheet metal," De Haven said and proved it dramatically.

From a table stacked high with weird oddments in his office he picked up a plastic shell shaped like a man's head and filled with a gelatinous mass. Developed for crash experiments it duplicated accurately the weight and strength of a human skull. He mounted a chair and hurled it with all his force upon a thin metal radiator cover. It bounced off unharmed.

"Now hand it to me again," he ordered. I did. Still standing on his chair, he dropped it on the tile floor of his office, using no throwing power. The head shattered.

Now how can all this help save lives in air and road crashes? In this way:

Potentially lethal objects are now clustered on the dashboards of airplanes and cars. When a plane, for example, cracks up in a 60-mile-an-hour fall, by a simple law of physics the pilot's body moves forward at that speed until stopped by something. If that "something" happens to be any one of a dozen hard knobs on the dash, his head splits like an eggshell. But if it happens to be a metal dashboard which has "give", he'll suffer no more than a bad headache.

De Haven rummaged on his desk and picked up a little primer knob, an inch in diameter and weighing less than two ounces. He threw it back on the desk and it made a harmless tinkling sound.

"That thing killed a man two weeks ago," he said.

"It was on the dashboard of a small plane where the pilot's head could strike it. The plane snagged a telephone line and ploughed into a suburban street. The pilot's head snapped forward, hit the primer knob. His head split open.

"That's just half of the story. There was a passenger in the plane and his head was propelled forward at the same speed when the crash came. Fortunately, his head struck the metal dashboard at a point where there weren't any instruments. The dash was dented six inches but he walked away."

So, far and away the most important advice De Haven is giving manufacturers is this: Get rid of the lethal objects in

your planes! Seventy-five percent of the 1,500 small-plane fatalities in 1948 were caused by head injuries.

From air safety, De Haven has taken the obvious next step and investigated automotive safety, where exactly the same principles of physiology and laws of physics apply. Auto crashes differ from plane smackups, he says, only insofar as the crash is seldom downward. But when they're fore and aft, sideways or backwards, the drivers and passengers meet the same perils and the same precautions should be taken for crash protection. The instrument panel is just as deadly, the steering wheel just as liable to puncture an abdomen or chest.

What, then, are the precautions a driver or his passengers can take when crashes are imminent?

Obviously, De Haven points out, a driver must remain cool and utilize every facet of skill to steer away from the emergency. But when the point is reached at which the crash is inevitable, there are a number of things which can be done to avoid or minimize danger.

"Remember this and remember it well," he says. "Injury in crashes comes from hitting something too hard with your head. That's not a flippant remark. It's fundamental. It means that acceleration toward a solid structure does the harm. So if that acceleration can be avoided, increased safety will result."

When a crash is at hand, then, he advises, get your head against something. Rest your head forward on your arms and brace for the shock.

Brace, he says, not relax. The time-worn concept of relaxation in an accident won't help. Bones are just as brittle, whether the body is tense or relaxed.

If you're the driver, cradle your head in your arms and lean forward.

If you're a passenger sitting in front, lean over and put your head, resting on your arms, upon the dashboard.

If you're sitting in the rear, place your arms against the seat in front, and rest your head on your arms.

Serious injury can also be avoided by diving to the floor of the vehicle, if there is time. But make certain, De Haven cautions, that your head is resting on your arms against solid structure.

Bus passengers should scramble to the floor and nestle against the base of the seat in front, if it is a wide, solid structure. Never stand or lie down in an aisle, because the acceleration upon impact may hurl you the full length of the bus.

There have been many instances in which lives have been saved when quick-thinking persons covered themselves or others with a heavy blanket or car robe. One mother swathed her child in a quilt when she knew her car would crash. The baby was hurled through the windshield but the quilt prevented injury by the broken glass.

As for airplanes: eight years of research have convinced De Haven that the following death-dealing factors, in addition to the instruments on the dashboard, have been built into planes:

Weak cockpits which crush on impact.

Dangerous seats. The front and rear seats in tandem types are too close, with the rigid metal backs of the forward seats lethal to the rear occupant.

Unsafe design and arrangement of control wheels.

Clusters of tubes and exposed steel braces.

Failure of existing types of safety belts. In 185 accidents, involving 308 persons, 104 belts either snapped or failed to provide adequate protection.

The Crash Injury project provided the manufacturers with its findings and these are the changes which are now being wrought because of De Haven's work:

1. The instrument panels on many new planes have been smoothed out and softened. One manufacturer has removed the switches from the upper left hand side and grouped them in the lower center portion of the panel. He constructed the panel itself of energy-absorbing sheet metal .04 of an inch thick. Others are mounting the panel about knee level and still others have moved the entire instrument board forward out of head range.

2. Seats in six types of planes have been moved back. In several tandem and four-place models more space is provided between the front and rear seats. Six models are now using pivoted back rests on forward seats to lessen chances of head injury by rigid structures. Three manufacturers have reported stronger seats and seat anchorages.

3. Some manufacturers are installing safer control wheels which are designed to "catch" the upper part of the pilot's body and keep his head out of danger.

4. Several new models have eliminated horizontal or vertical bracing tubes near the pilot. Eight have moderated or cut out entirely solid transverse structures within forward range of the pilot's head.

5. Designers are developing new planes with special ruggedness of cockpit structure.

6. Practically all manufacturers have increased the strength of safety belts in their aircraft and the C.A.A. is considering a requirement for a further increase.

Hugh De Haven is no armchair crusader for safety. His favorite mode of travel is flying. Past 50, he can handle a plane along with the best of private pilots.

Crash safety is his complete preoccupation and he spreads the gospel wherever he finds it needed. One day he was strolling along an east side street near the medical center when he saw a couple of eight-year-olds racing down the hill in a home-made soap box "plane," with stubby wings. The gadget hit a rut, veered and smacked against a parked ice truck. The kid in front banged his head against the improvised dashboard.

De Haven rushed up and explained to the kids that a pair of good jet pilots wouldn't "fly that stuff without shoulder harness."

Two days later, on his way to the office, he saw the kids again. They were both wearing safety belts and shoulder harness made from their fathers' suspenders.

THE END

REBELLION ON THE MOON

(Continued from page 13)

the outer door—then the air would whoosh out, our boy Johnny would drown in blood from his burst lungs—and the bombs would be sitting there, unhurt. They were built to stand the jump from Moon to Earth; vacuum hurt them not at all.

He decided to stay in his space suit; explosive decompression didn't appeal to him. Come to think about it, death from old age was his choice.

Or they could drill a hole, let out the air, and open the door without wrecking the lock. Or Towers might even have a new airlock built outside the old. Not likely, Johnny thought; a *coup d'état* depended on speed. Towers was almost sure to take the quickest way—blasting. And Lopez was probably calling the Base right now. Fifteen minutes for Towers to suit up and get here, maybe a short dicker—then *woosh!* the party is over.

Fifteen minutes—

In fifteen minutes the bombs might fall back into the hands of the conspirators; in fifteen minutes he must make the bombs unusable.

An atom bomb is just two or more pieces of fissionable metal, such as plutonium. Separated, they are no more explosive than a pound of butter; slapped together, they explode. The complications lie in the gadgets and circuits and gun used to slap them together in the exact way and at the exact time and place required.

The circuits, the bomb's "brain," are

easily destroyed—but the bomb itself is hard to destroy because of its very simplicity. Johnny decided to smash the "brains"—and quickly!

The only tools at hand were simple ones used in handling the bombs. Aside from a Geiger counter, the speaker on the walkie-talkie circuit, a television rig to the base, and the bombs themselves, the room was bare. A bomb to be worked on was taken elsewhere—not through fear of explosion, but to reduce radiation exposure to personnel. The radioactive material in a bomb is buried in a "tamper"—in these bombs, gold. Gold stops alpha, beta, and much of the deadly gamma radiation—but not neutrons.

The slippery, poisonous neutrons which plutonium gives off had to escape, or a chain reaction—explosion!—would result. The room was bathed in an invisible, almost undetectable rain of neutrons. The place was unhealthy; regulations called for staying in it as short a time as possible.

The Geiger counter clicked off the "background" radiation, cosmic rays, the trace of radioactivity in the Moon's crust, and secondary radioactivity set up all through the room by neutrons. Free neutrons have the nasty trait of infecting what they strike, whether it be concrete wall or human body. In time the room would have to be abandoned.

Dahlquist twisted a knob on the Geiger counter; the instrument stopped clicking. He had used a suppressor circuit to

cut out noise of "background" radiation at the level then present. It reminded him uncomfortably of the danger of staying there. He took out the radiation exposure film all radiation personnel carry; it was a direct-response type and had been fresh when he arrived. The most sensitive end was faintly darkened already. Half way down the film a red line crossed it. Theoretically, if the wearer exposed himself enough in a week to darken the film to there, he was, as Johnny told himself, a "dead duck."

Off came the cumbersome space suit; what he needed was speed. Get it done and surrender—can't hang around in a place as "hot" as this. He grabbed a ball hammer from the tool rack, paused to switch off the television pick up, and got busy. The first bomb bothered him. He started to smash the cover plate of the "brain," then stopped, filled with reluctance. All his life he had prized fine apparatus.

He nerved himself and swung; glass tinkled, metal creaked. His mood changed; he began to feel a shameful pleasure in destruction. He laid into it, swinging, smashing, destroying!

So intent he became that he did not at first hear his name called "Dahlquist! Answer me! Are you there?"

He wiped sweat and looked at the TV screen. Towers' worried features stared out.

Johnny was shocked to find that he had only wrecked six bombs. Was he going

LET'S ALL HELP FATHER GET DRESSED!

By JACK MENDELSON



1.

This is father as he is seen by the unbiased eye. He doesn't look quite the same to the rest of the family.



2.

He'll always look like this to Junior, as long as he holds the mortgage on his forthcoming bicycle.



3.

To his 14-year old daughter his ideas about how she should conduct herself places him somewhere between The Holy Wars and the Battle of Bunker Hill

to be caught before he could finish? Oh, no! He *had* to finish. Stall, son, stall! "Yes, Colonel? You called me?"

"I certainly did! What's the meaning of this?"

"Uh, I'm sorry, Colonel."

Towers' expression relaxed a little. "Turn on your pick up, Johnny, I can't see you. What was that noise?"

"The pick up is on," Johnny lied. "It must be out of order. That noise—uh, to tell the truth, Colonel, I was fixing things so that nobody could get in here."

Towers hesitated, then said firmly, "I'm going to assume you are sick and send you to the Medical Officer. But I want you to come out of there, right away. That's an order, Johnny."

Johnny answered slowly, "Uh, I can't just yet, Colonel. I came here to make up my mind and I haven't quite made it up yet. You said to see you after lunch."

"I meant you to stay in your quarters."

"Yes, sir. But I thought I ought to stand watch on the bombs, in case I decided you were wrong."

"It's not for you to decide, Johnny. I'm your superior officer. You are sworn to obey me."

"Yes, sir." This was wasting time; the old fox might have a squad on the way now. "But I swore to keep the peace, too. Could you come here and talk it over with me? I don't want to do the wrong thing."

Towers smiled. "A good idea, Johnny. You wait there. I'm sure you'll see the light." He switched off.

"There," said Johnny, "that should convince you I'm a half-wit—you slimy mis-

take!" He started to use the few minutes gained.

He stopped almost at once; it dawned on him that wrecking the "brains" was not enough. There were no spare "brains," but there was a well-stocked electronics shop. Morgan could jury-rig control circuits for bombs. Why, he could himself—not a neat job, but one that would work. Damnation! He would have to wreck the bombs themselves—and in the next ten minutes.

But a bomb was solid chunks of metal, encased in a heavy tamper, all tied in with a big steel gun. It couldn't be done—not in ten minutes.

Damn!

Of course, there was one way. He knew the control circuits; he also knew how to beat them. Take this bomb: if he took out the safety bar, unhooked the proximity circuit, shorted the delay circuit, and cut in the arming circuit by hand—then unscrewed *that* and reached in *there*, he could, with just a long, stiff wire, set the bomb off.

Blowing the other bombs and the valley itself to Kingdom Come.

Also Johnny Dahlquist. That was the rub.

All this time he was doing what he had thought out, up to the step of actually setting off the bomb. Ready to go, the bomb seemed to threaten, as if crouching to spring. He stood up, sweating.

He wondered if he had the courage. He did not want to funk—and hoped that he would. He dug into his jacket and took out a picture of Edith and the baby. "Honeychile," he said, "if I get out of

this, I'll never even try to beat a red light." He kissed the picture and put it back. There was nothing to do but wait.

What was keeping Towers? Johnny wanted to make sure that Towers was in blast range. What a joke on the jerk! Me—sitting here, ready to throw the switch on him. The idea tickled him; it led to a better: why blow himself up—alive?

There was another way to rig it—a "dead man" control. Jigger up some way so that the last step, the one that set off the bomb, would not happen as long as he kept his hand on a switch or a lever or something. Then, if they blew open the door, or shot him, or anything—up goes the balloon!

Better still, if he could hold them off with the threat of it, sooner or later help would come—Johnny was sure that most of the Patrol was not in this stinking conspiracy—and then: Johnny comes marching home! What a reunion! He'd resign and get a teaching job; he'd stood his watch.

All the while, he was working. Electrical? No, too little time. Make it a simple mechanical linkage. He had doped it out but had barely begun to build it when the loudspeaker called him. "Johnny?"

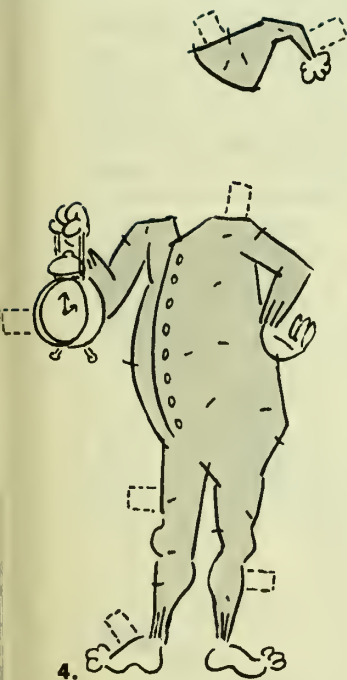
"That you, Colonel?" His hands kept busy.

"Let me in."

"Well, now, Colonel, that wasn't in the agreement." Where in blue blazes was something to use as a long lever?

"I'll come in alone, Johnny, I give you my word. We'll talk face to face."

His word! "We can talk over the speaker, Colonel." Hey, that was what he



4. While to his 18-year old daughter, he appears slightly less glamorous. Especially when she's entertaining a boy-friend.



5. His Rich brother-in-law lives in constant fear of being tapped by him for a loan.



6. While his Poor brother-in-law just *knows* he's got \$80,000 hidden in a hollow table leg.



7. Only his wife understands him!... She sees him as he really is.



By R. WILSON BROWN

December's Best Films



THE CRITICS think that this role will win an "Oscar" for Claudette Colbert

THREE CAME HOME (20th Century-Fox) with Claudette Colbert and Patric Knowles.

This is the true story of an American, Agnes Newton Keith, her British husband and their 5-year-old son in British North Borneo before and during the Japanese occupation as taken from her book of the same title. It picks up where her first book, "The Land Below The Wind," leaves off in her story of life in this primitive land. There are no heroics in this narrative of people, gentle bred, who meet terror practically and spiritually. In it war is only a background for something more

important. Jean Negulesco's directing gives Miss Colbert the same sincerity and inspiration he gave Jane Wyman in his prize-winning *Johnny Belinda*. Miss Colbert, so often associated with comedy, is magnificent—in fact surprising—in her role of Mrs. Keith. Vets who know the meaning of Jap concentration camps may resent incidents of kindness portrayed; nevertheless, in the actual experiences of Mrs. Keith, there were instances of both cruelty and kindness, passive heroism and mutual helpfulness, and this story follows those experiences. Well worth seeing.

DRAMA

East of Java (U-I) presents Hollywood's new pride and joy, Shelley Winters, in all her IT and ITS derivatives—a modern Jean Harlow and Clara Bow wrapped into one. Macdonald Carey is the leading man in this adventure of strange love in the South Seas. A film with oomph!

My Foolish Heart (Goldwyn—R-K-O) is well acted but too tragic to be fully entertaining. Story involves an illegitimate baby resulting from two lovers caught in the whirl of WW II. Dana Andrews and Susan Hayward are the stars. Not for youngsters.

COMEDY

Tell It To The Judge (Columbia) presents Rosalind Russell as a would-be judge and Robert Cummings. Good laughs: when Roz and Bob fall into the ocean; and when Gig Young is introduced as her non-existent husband. 100% entertaining.

FANTASY

Cinderella (Walt Disney—R-K-O) is Disney's best since *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. Six years in the making, it is painstakingly well done. Tunes are catchy; colors are brilliant; animals are lovable. Of equal appeal to young and old.

And Baby Makes Three (Columbia). Just divorced from Robert Young and about to marry Robert Hutton, Barbara Hale "thinks" she's pregnant. Sounds like a touchy subject, but a trick makes it rollicking comedy. Recommended.

Adam's Rib (M-G-M). While Spencer Tracy is best in heavy drama, he doesn't disappoint. Katharine Hepburn's fast high voice is often hard to understand. Best acting is done by one of the featured players, Judy Holliday. The massage scene shows the screen to be more lenient than heretofore. OK if you like Hepburn.

(Continued from page 43)

wanted—a yard stick, hanging on the tool rack.

"Johnny, I'm warning you. Let me in, or I'll blow the door off."

A wire—he needed a wire, fairly long and stiff. He tore the antenna from his suit. "You wouldn't do that, Colonel. It would ruin the bombs."

"Vacuum won't hurt the bombs. Quit stalling."

"Better check with Major Morgan. Vacuum won't hurt them; explosive de-compression will wreck every circuit." The Colonel was not a bomb specialist; he shut up for several minutes. Johnny went on working.

"Dahlquist," Towers resumed, "that was a clumsy lie. I checked with Morgan. You have sixty seconds to get into your suit, if you aren't already. I'm going to blast the door."

"No, you won't," said Johnny. "Ever hear of a 'dead man' switch?" Now for a counterweight—and a sling. He'd use his belt.

"Eh? What do you mean?"

"I've rigged number seventeen to set off by hand. But I put in a gimmick. It won't blow while I hang on to a strap I've got in my hand. But if anything happens to me—up she goes! You are about fifty feet from the blast center. Think it over."

There was a short silence. "I don't believe you."

"No? Ask Morgan. He can inspect it, over the TV pick up." Johnny lashed the belt of his space suit to the end of the yardstick.

"You said the pick up was out of order."

"So I lied. This time I'll prove it. Have Morgan call me."

Presently Major Morgan's face appeared. "Lieutenant Dahlquist?"

"Hi Stinky. Wait a sec." With great care Dahlquist made one last connection while holding down the end of the yardstick. Still careful, he shifted his grip to the belt, sat down on the floor, reached



"Bow ties are really quite easy—like tying your shoe laces."

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

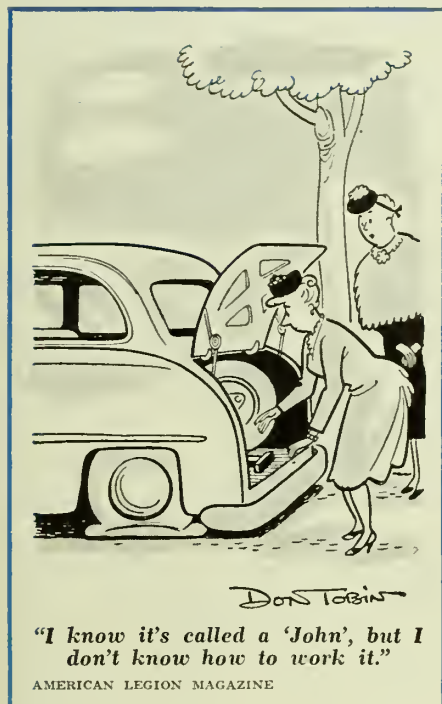
out and switched on the TV pick up. "Can you see me, Stinky?"

"I see you," Morgan answered stiffly. "What is this nonsense?"

"A little surprise I whipped up." He explained it—what circuits he had cut out, what ones had been shorted through, just how the jury-rigged mechanical sequence fitted in.

Morgan nodded. "But you are bluffing, Dahlquist. I feel sure that you haven't disconnected the 'K' circuit. You don't have the guts to blow yourself up."

Johnny chuckled. "I sure haven't. But that's the beauty of it. It can't go off, so



long as I am alive. If your greasy boss, ex-Colonel Towers, blasts the door, then I'm dead and the bomb goes off. It won't matter to me, but it will to him. Better tell him." He switched off.

Towers came on over the speaker shortly. "Dahlquist?"

"I hear you."

"There's no need to throw away your life. Come out, and you will be retired on full pay. You'll go home to your family. I promise."

Johnny got mad. "You keep my family out of this!"

"Think of them, man."

"Shut up. Get back to your hole. I feel a need to scratch and this whole shebang might just explode in your lap."

II

Johnny sat up with a start. He had dozed; his hand hadn't let go the sling, but he had the shakes when he thought about it.

Maybe he should disarm the bomb and depend on their not daring to dig him out? But Towers' neck was already in hock for treason; Towers might risk it. If he did and the bomb were disarmed, Johnny would be dead and Towers would have the bombs. No, he had gone this far; he wouldn't let his baby girl grow

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up in a dictatorship just to catch some sleep.

He heard the Geiger counter clicking and remembered having used the suppressor circuit. The radioactivity in the room must be increasing, perhaps from scattering the "brain" circuits—the circuits were sure to be infected; they had lived too long too close to plutonium. He dug out his film.

The dark area was spreading toward the red line.

He put it back and said, "Pal, better break this deadlock or you are going to shine like a watch dial." It was a figure of speech; infected animal tissue does not glow—it simply dies, slowly.

The TV screen lit up; Towers' face ap-

Towers switched off.

Johnny got out his film again. It seemed no darker but it reminded him forcibly that time was running out. He was hungry and thirsty—and he could not stay awake forever. It took four days to get a ship up from Earth; he could not expect rescue any sooner. And he wouldn't last four days—once the darkening spread past the red line he was a goner.

His only chance was to wreck the bombs beyond repair, and get out—before that film got much darker.

He thought about ways, then got busy. He hung a weight on the sling, tied a line to it. If Towers blasted the door, he hoped to jerk the rig loose before he died.

There was a simple, though arduous,



peared. "Dahlquist? I want to talk to you."

"Go fly a kite."

"Let's admit you have us inconvenienced."

"Inconvenienced, hell—I've got you stopped."

"For the moment. I'm arranging to get more bombs—"

"Liar."

"—but you are slowing us up. I have a proposition."

"Not interested."

"Wait. When this is over I will be chief of the world government. If you will cooperate, even now, I will make you my administrative head."

Johnny told him what he could do with it. Towers said, "Don't be stupid. What do you gain by dying?"

Johnny grunted. "Towers, what a prime stinker you are. You spoke of my family. I'd rather see them dead than living under a two-bit Napoleon like you. Go away—I've got some thinking to do."

way to wreck the bombs beyond any capacity of Moon Base to repair them. The heart of each was two hemispheres of plutonium, their flat surfaces polished smooth to permit perfect contact when slapped together. Anything less would prevent the chain reaction on which atomic explosion depended.

Johnny started taking apart one of the bombs.

He had to bash off four lugs, then break the glass envelope around the inner assembly. Aside from that the bomb came apart easily. At last he had in front of him two gleaming, mirror-perfect half globes.

A blow with the hammer—and one was no longer perfect. Another blow and the second cracked like glass; he had tapped its crystalline structure just right.

Hours later, dead tired, he went back to the armed bomb. Forcing himself to steady down, with extreme care he disarmed it. Shortly its silvery hemispheres too were useless. There was no longer a usable bomb in the room—but huge for-

tunes in the most valuable, most poisonous, and most deadly metal in the known world were spread around the floor.

Johnny looked at the deadly stuff. "Into your suit and out of here, son," he said aloud. "I wonder what Towers will say?"

He walked toward the rack, intending to hang up the hammer. As he passed, the Geiger counter chattered wildly.

Plutonium hardly affects a Geiger counter; secondary infection from plutonium does. Johnny looked at the hammer, then held it closer to the Geiger counter. The counter screamed.

Johnny tossed it hastily away and started back toward his suit.

As he passed the counter it chattered again. He stopped short.

He pushed one hand close to the counter. Its clicking picked up to a steady roar. Without moving he reached into his pocket and took out his exposure film.

It was dead black from end to end.

III

Plutonium taken into the body moves quickly to bone marrow. Nothing can be done; the victim is finished. Neutrons from it smash through the body, ionizing tissue, transmuting atoms into radioactive isotopes, destroying and killing. The fatal dose is less than a tenth the size of a grain of table salt—an amount small enough to enter through the tiniest scratch. During the historic "Manhattan Project" immediate high amputation was the only first-aid measure.

Johnny knew all this but it no longer disturbed him. He sat on the floor, smoking a hoarded cigarette, and thinking. The events of his long watch were running through his mind.

He blew smoke at the Geiger counter and smiled without humor to hear it chatter more loudly. By now even his breath was "hot"—carbon-14, he supposed, exhaled from his blood stream as carbon dioxide. It did not matter.

There was no longer any point in surrendering, nor would he give Towers the satisfaction—he would finish out this watch right here. Besides, by keeping up the bluff that one bomb was ready to blow, he could stop them from capturing the raw material from which bombs were made. That might be important in the long run.

He accepted, without surprise, the fact that he was not unhappy. There was a sweetness about having no further worries of any sort. He did not hurt, he was not uncomfortable, he was no longer even hungry. Physically he still felt fine and his mind was at peace. He was dead—he knew that he was dead; yet for a time he was able to walk and breathe and see and feel.

He was not even lonesome. He was not alone; there were comrades with him—the boy with his finger in the dike, Colonel Bowie, too ill to move but insisting that he be carried across the line, the dying Captain of the *Chesapeake* still with deathless challenge on his lips, Rodger Young peering into the gloom. They gathered about him in the dusky bomb room.

And of course there was Edith. She was the only one he was aware of.

Johnny wished that he could see her face more clearly. Was she angry? Or proud and happy?

Proud though unhappy—he could see her better now and even feel her hand. He held very still.

Presently his cigarette burned down to his fingers. He took a final puff, blew it at the Geiger counter, and put it out. It was his last. He gathered several butts and made a roll-your-own with a bit of paper found in a pocket. He lit it carefully and settled back to wait for Edith to show up again. He was very happy.

He was still propped against the bomb case, the last of his salvaged cigarettes cold at his side, when the speaker called out again. "Johnny? Hey, Johnny! Can you hear me? This is Kelly. It's all over. The *Lafayette* landed and Towers blew his brains out. Johnny? Answer me."

When they opened the outer door, the first man in carried a Geiger counter in front of him on the end of a long pole. He stopped at the threshold and backed out hastily. "Hey, chief!" he called. "Better get some handling equipment—uh, and a lead coffin, too."

Ten years later, on June 17, 2009, the *New York Times* editorial, *After Ten Years*, rehashed the great honors they gave him. Said the *Times* (film 38, *Times Archives*):

"Nine ships blasted off from Moon Base. Once in space, eight of them formed a globe around the smallest. They held this formation all the way to Earth."

"The small ship displayed the insignia of an admiral—yet there was no living thing of any sort in her. She was not even a passenger ship, but a drone, a robot ship intended for radio-active cargo. This trip she carried nothing but a lead coffin—and a Geiger counter that was never quiet."

"Four days it took the little ship and her escort to reach Earth. Four days while all of Earth's people awaited her arrival. For ninety-eight hours all commercial programs were off television; instead there was an endless dirge—the Dead March from Saul, the Valhalla theme, Going Home, the Patrol's own Landing Orbit."

"The nine ships landed at Chicago Port. A drone tractor removed the casket from the small ship; the ship was then refueled and blasted off in an escape trajectory, thrown away into outer space, never again to be used for a lesser purpose."

"The tractor progressed to the Illinois town where Lieutenant Dahlquist had been born, while the dirge continued. There it placed the casket on a pedestal, inside a barrier marking the distance of safe approach. Space marines, arms reversed and heads bowed, stood guard around it; the crowds stayed outside this circle. And still the dirge continued."

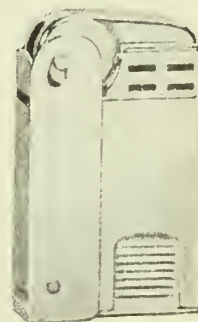
"When enough time had passed, long, long after the heaped flowers had withered, the lead casket was enclosed in marble, just as you see it today."

THE END



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GIVE A HOBBY FOR CHRISTMAS

(Continued from page 23)

TT), and the ardent railroader is a stickler for scale.

If you are wondering what to give someone who would like to own a basement **woodworking** shop, or someone who already has one, just visit any large hardware store. Its shelves will be full of ideas at all prices. There are individual tools that cost under a dollar and complete motorized shops that cost close to \$200. For the beginner, you can spend \$15 for a hammer, a saw, a hand drill, and a screw driver, or pay \$30 for a set of seventeen hand tools complete with a storage chest. For the man who has his heart set on a motorized home workshop, you can get him started for as little as \$10 by giving him an electric motor (1/3 horsepower or more) or, if you feel like spending \$50, you can get him a circular saw plus a motor. Once you've given a workshoper his motor or his saw, your future Christmas problems are solved as far as he is concerned. Each Christmas from then on you can add another piece of equipment — a band saw, a wood lathe, a jointer, or a sander — for about \$40 each.

A basement machine shop is a more expensive proposition. **Metalworking** lathes start at around \$200 and run on up to well above \$2,000. Companion machines, such as drill presses, shapers, and milling machines sell at comparable prices. There are, however, many low and medium-priced accessories — benches, tools, and similar small equipment — that make excellent gifts to the man who already has his shop.

Metal crafting, another branch of the metal-working hobby, by comparison requires neither a great deal of space nor the expenditure of a great deal of money. With a few inexpensive tools and a corner workshop consisting of a table or an old desk, the hobbyist can turn out all sorts of attractive copper, silver, and pewter bowls, ash trays, coasters, trays, candle holders, and plates. A start in the metal craft hobby can be made for about \$8 — \$2 for the sheet metal, 55 cents for a fiber mallet, \$3 for a planishing hammer, \$1.50 for a wood tray or bowl mold, and \$1 for a file. As the metal crafter advances, all sorts of additions can be made to his equipment in the form of tools ranging in cost from a 25-cent pair of tweezers to anvil heads and gas torches at \$3.

Leather working, like metal crafting, also is a relatively inexpensive hobby that requires only a minimum of work space. Precut kits for belts, wallets, and pocket-books can be bought at prices progressing from about \$1.50 to \$13. All the hobbyist has to do is tool the leather and assemble the parts. A small kit containing eight basic leather-working tools can be had for \$4 while a more complete kit will cost you \$12. In other words, you can get a person started in leather working for about \$5.50 (\$4 for tools, \$1.50 for a simple project kit).

Pottery making, thanks to a new process that now makes it possible to create beautifully glazed waterproof pottery without bothersome firing in a kiln, is fast



becoming a popular home hobby. Vases, trays, book ends, lamp bases, tea tile, dishes, cigarette boxes, and similar decorative objects can be molded easily on a kitchen table. A pottery-making kit for beginners, containing the molds and all the special materials necessary for making three separate pieces, costs only \$5. Additional molds of different shapes and sizes can be bought for about \$1 each.

A **model making** kit is an ideal Christmas present for the man or boy who likes to use his hands. Kits are available for making scale models of just about anything from boats and airplanes to old-time automobiles. No great array of tools and equipment is necessary. Most kits contain all the materials necessary pre-cut to size and shape; all that is necessary is to assemble the parts and put on the finish. For these kits you can spend as little as \$1 for the simpler ones or \$15 and upward for the more complicated. Model making is the type of hobby that appeals to the hand crafter who likes small detail, doesn't mind working a good many hours to complete a project, and enjoys delicate work.

For the electrically minded on your Christmas list, don't overlook the hobby of **radio building**. Here again, kits can solve your Christmas problems. They come in a wide variety and at all sorts of prices. You can spend as little as a few dollars for a two-tube receiver kit or as much as \$195.50 for a kit containing all the parts and directions for building a 30-tube television set!

Because plastics like Lucite and Plexiglas (known as acrylic plastics) can be worked easily, **plastic craft** is a hobby that requires few tools. The plastic can be cut with a jigsaw or a small jeweler's saw, bent and shaped by softening it in the kitchen oven, and decorated or carved with the type of motor-driven drill and tool that can be held in the hand. Although the special hand tool is not necessary for many types of plastic work such as picture frames, book ends, decorative novelties, etc., it makes it possible to do internal carving, a type of plastic decoration that makes it appear as if three-dimensional objects have been imbedded in the material. It is also a handy tool to have around the house. The tools range in price, but average about \$25 complete with an assortment of cutters, grinders, and polishing accessories.

Wood carving is still one of the old standbys where hobbies are concerned. It is whittling glorified. If you have a whittler in your house, get him some carving tools and a wood practice panel and watch the chips fly. Sets of wood-carving tools (they can also be used to carve linoleum) sell for about \$4, while wood bowls, trays, bracelets, belt buckles, cigarette boxes, napkin rings, and jewelry boxes smoothed and ready for carving can be bought for an average price of about 60 cents each.

If your gift list doesn't include any hobby prospects other than yourself, you might try a few well-placed hints at the dinner table some night. Remember, the family is probably having as much trouble trying to figure out what you want as you are trying to guess what they'd like.

THE END



From where I sit by Joe Marsh

Now Hospitals Are "Banks," Too!

Doc Simpson was saying, "Hospitals are building up 'bone banks' that work just like blood banks. When bone is needed, the surgeon takes one from a refrigerator, cuts it to the right shape and simply splices it in."

"You doctors are sure making progress," I says, "but tell me, are any of the patients fussy about *whose* bone they're getting?"

"No sir!" replies Doc. "No more than they worry about *whose* blood they get. No one yet asked for a bone from a man who went to the same school or church he did."

From where I sit, it would be a better world if we were half as willing to accept other people's ideas and tastes, as we seem to be willing to accept their bone and blood. There'll always be differences. Some like buttermilk, others would rather have a sparkling glass of temperate beer. But underneath we're pretty much the same—deserving each other's respect and tolerance!

Joe Marsh

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TALKING TURKEY

When Legionnaire James E. Schuyler retired from the Army after having served in both World Wars, a service-connected disability made it impossible for him to resume his former civilian job, selling.

He therefore decided to look into a field which had interested him for years. At different times in his life he had raised poultry, and after making a thorough study of the possibilities of various kinds of poultry-raising he made up his mind to go into the business of raising and breeding small varieties of turkeys.

Embarking on this venture in the most scientific manner possible, he joined turkey-raising associations, talked to experts in the field, read everything he could lay his hands on, and then started acquiring the best foundation flocks he could get. From the U. S. Department of Agriculture's Beltsville Research Center and from the New Jersey Turkey Research Farm he obtained pen-pedigreed hatching eggs and poults, and from these foundation flocks he selected his own breeders, with the assistance of the greatest authorities in the turkey industry.

Today his Skys Haven Turkey Farm, consisting of 200 acres of newly cleared Virginia pine woodland along the famous Skyline Drive, has a national reputation among turkey experts and those who buy the birds for the market. All the stock except a few thousand which are kept for breeding purposes is sold quick-frozen, and shipped as far away as Florida and the Pacific Coast. In addition, he sells at wholesale to dealers in various large cities. And many of his turkeys are bought by other turkey-raisers to improve their flocks. An impressive array of ribbons won by his prize birds at numerous poultry shows and fairs results in many sales from other raisers.

Today Jim Schuyler's enterprise has grown to such an extent that he needs five men to help him while he concentrates on supervision and sales work. Also, if any GI is interested in joining him in running this turkey empire, he says he is looking for a production manager to whom he can turn over some of the responsibilities. The address is Front Royal, Virginia.

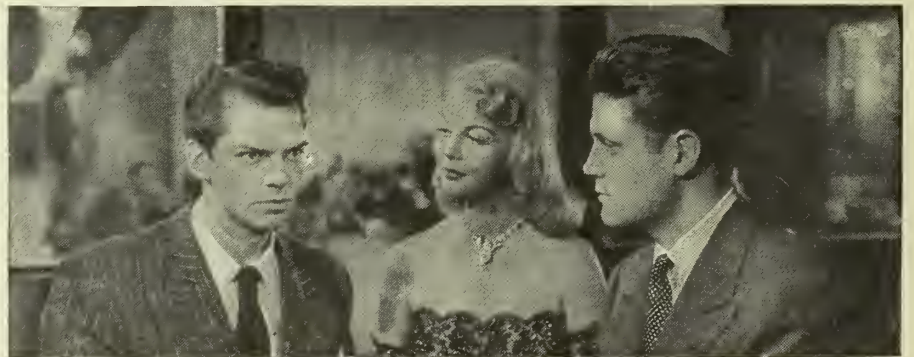
BY FRED B. FORD

PROJECT X

This is the story of a group of young vets who are really doing something positive about the commies. It all started last January when Ed Leven, an ex-naval officer, decided to make a motion picture. This idea wasn't just something thought up out of thin air but was born of Leven's experience in making movie shorts for television. While making these movies in

giving it a bad name. A good way, he felt, would be to combine his two ideas and make a movie about the commies. This was the beginning of "Project X," the title of the forthcoming Transcontinental Productions film.

Two experienced writers, Gene Hurley and Earl Kennedy, wrote the script which was designed to show the tactics and



KEITH ANDES and Rita Colton get orders from strong-arm man Jack Lord, right

New York, Leven had become convinced that he could make a full-length feature for less than half of what it would cost Hollywood.

At the same time Leven wanted to take a swipe at the commies who were over-running the entertainment industry and

methods of our domestic fifth column. For his cast Leven selected those actors and actresses whom he knew were opposed to communism. This was to be more than just a job. The picture had to be convincing, and one way to make it so was to have people who believed in what they

were doing. It was no accident then that the cast was made up largely of war veterans. The director, Ed Montagne, had worked, before the war, for many leading Hollywood studios. He had seen action as a captain in the Army Signal Corps. It was Montagne who had taken the now famous pictures of Mussolini and his mistress after their execution by Partisan troops in Italy.

The cast is unknown to movie-goers, but their unfamiliar faces adds a feeling of realism to the picture, quite in contrast to the Hollywood productions where stereotyped roles are played by the same actors. Jack Lord, who plays the commie strong arm man, made training films during the war; Joyce Quinlan, one of the feminine supporting players, served in the Wacs. Keith Andes—Steven Monahan,

even more difficult to obtain a distributor than it had been to obtain capital. The older companies in the field wanted none of the troubles they were sure the showing of the film would bring. Showings of previous anti-commie movies had brought picket lines and protests and the distributors were not anxious to stir up the reds again. Film Classics, a newcomer to the movie distributing field, felt as Leven did—that the picture should be shown—and they undertook to release it throughout the country starting in November.

Needless to say, "Project X" is a motion picture that every Legionnaire should see and one that he should urge his local movie house to show. It is an action-packed drama dealing with a young physicist, Steve Monahan, just out of the army, who goes to work on atomic re-



FIGHT SCENES are part of the exciting hunt for the red spy master

the young physicist—is the lead now in the West Coast production of the Broadway musical hit "Kiss Me Kate."

With the script ready and the actors selected, Leven set out to finance his production. Here he ran into a cold reception. Either the people he approached were against the idea of an anti-communist film or they felt that picket lines and harassment from the reds would keep the film from completion. Leven had harbored no illusions about the difficulties he would encounter, but the shortsightedness of people who agreed with him in his idea but would not back it up, left him dismayed. It was only by using his own money that the shooting of the picture could be started.

In making television films, Transcontinental had learned to hold down costs by utilizing actual locations instead of building costly sets. This technique was put to good use in "Project X" and again, as in the case of the cast, the authenticity imparted to the picture is a strong point in its favor.

Quite in contrast to the usual movie practice, Leven hoped to finish the picture without publicity. He feared that the commies would set up picket lines which his crew would refuse to cross. The *Daily Worker* found out about the picture, and managed to obtain a copy of the script. They wasted no time in attempting to smear everyone connected with the production. Letters and telegrams, protesting the filming of the picture, poured in on Leven and he began to doubt that he would be able to finish.

When "Project X" was completed, the company's problems were not over. It was

search. In his younger days, in college, he had mistakenly joined the Young Communist League because he thought it was the smart thing to do. Now he is approached by the commies to help them get details on the work being done on the Long Island Project. Steve goes instead to the FBI and is told to work along with the reds. The agents hope with Steve's help to find the unknown spy leader.

Even if the story did not deal with communist treachery, it would be a first-rate action thriller. As it is, "Project X" is an entertaining as well as instructive film. The pattern of red operations is displayed in unmistakable terms for all to see. While it may strike some as being overdone, we would like to remind our readers that their daily newspapers, radio broadcasts and magazine articles by people who know, have unveiled similar incidents and some even more shocking than those portrayed.

Events here and in Canada the last few years have uncovered evidence that makes no secret of the commie hatred of our form of government or way of life. In one short speech, Henderson, the FBI agent, keynotes the theme of the picture and explains the outcries of the commies against this picture and everything else which tries to expose them. He says, "They spy on you and it's all right, but the minute you do the same thing to them it becomes deceitful and justifies in their eyes any action they care to take."

We believe you will add to your friends' enjoyment of the picture if you do not reveal the ending which is, in the Hollywood jargon, "a twist."

BY IRVING HERSCHBEIN

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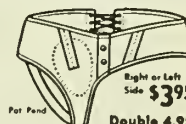
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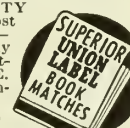
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YOU CAN'T EAT CALIFORNIA'S CLIMATE

(Continued from page 21)

branch plants of out-of-state firms—254 of them—were asked to explain to their eastern home offices that migrating veterans were no longer needed, or wanted, in California.

Why? Just what has been going on in the fabled land of sunshine?

No one knows better what has been going on in California than Stewart. He has been a resident of the state since he arrived in San Francisco alone at the age of 17, shortly after the 1906 earthquake and fire. He is himself a California veteran from World War I. And he has been head of the California Veterans Employment Service since 1936, during the most hectic times in the history of our most hectic state.

It is not widely enough known just what "the war" did to California. As one veterans' adviser told me, "It's a wonder the whole state hasn't simply tipped over like an over-crowded ferryboat, and slid into the Pacific." With the population of the country at large increasing by 11% since Pearl Harbor, California has grown by a fabulous 45%. Arizona and Nevada have grown by 30% just from the people who ran out of gas. At the end of the war there was a slight pause, but this was only the real migration getting up steam. Ever since, people have poured into Los Angeles alone at the fantastic rate of over 5,000 new permanent residents a week!

Vast population increases are of course nothing new to California. This amazing population magnet has increased its count of humans by an unbelievable 45%-every-ten-years ever since the 1860's. The rush has hardly slowed down for a minute since the Days of '49 when the in-rushing gold miners fought each other for beds, food, and enough water to wash in. Then, with the completion of our railroads to the Pacific (1869-1885) the California land merchants moved in, and were

shortly filling the state with train loads of easterners and middle-western farmers, come to sit in the sun and get rich growing oranges. In the 1930's, in our own rememberable time, came the endless streams of beaten-up cars carrying the jobless refugees from the middle west's Dust Bowl. The invasion was finally stopped only by the state simply assuming the powers of a separate nation and turning the hordes back at the state border even at gunpoint. (When you cross the California border by car you are checked through agriculture-quarantine stations by uniformed policemen as though you were entering a different country.)

But even with all this history behind it, California has been somewhat astounded during the wartime and postwar years. During the war all comers were welcomed, to work in the aircraft plants, the shipyards, and all the rest of the rapidly flung together machine that made of California America's second most important defense arsenal. California also prided itself on being a good host to the millions of servicemen streaming through its ports to the Pacific. After the war, it was thought, all these people would say, "Thank you," and go home.

Which of course has not been the case. Knowing a good thing when they saw it, most of the wartime defense workers simply stayed on, and thousands of the visiting servicemen hastened home only long enough to get their wives and children, brothers and sisters, parents and grandparents, and often their neighbors. And then back they came. Plus California's own million or so veterans coming home from the wars. Plus the almost unbelievable spectacle of many large and well-established eastern firms moving themselves to California lock, stock, and employees. Young Mr. Justin Dart accepted the presidency of the Rexall Drug Company only with the provision

that he could move the entire 60-year-old firm from Boston to Los Angeles. American Potash and Chemical moved out from New York. The Carnation Milk people gathered up their "home office" employees in New York, Milwaukee and Seattle, and soon the whole firm was contentedly at home in Los Angeles. The Prudential Insurance Company, after sending scouts on ahead like a traveling ant army, hired special trains and brought out hundreds of home office employees en masse from the Prudential headquarters in Newark, New Jersey, to establish a new "western home office" in Los Angeles.

All of which still worked out fairly well as long as the frantic postwar industrial honeymoon lasted in California. During the war and immediately following it, a decent place to live in California was almost impossible to find, and if you did find it both it and food were impossibly high, but a man could certainly find a job if he wanted one.

Because there was a tremendous job to be done. Since Pearl Harbor, the state where elderly citizens from Iowa still come to sit in the sun has undergone a startling industrial revolution. Los Angeles alone now makes more furniture than Grand Rapids, more tires than anywhere but Akron, more clothes than any city but New York; it has a bigger fishing industry than Boston, and assembles more automobiles than anywhere but Detroit. In 1946, \$155,793,492 were invested in the Los Angeles area in new and expanded industrial plants. In 1947, 81,000 new homes and apartment units were completed, enough to house a good-sized city. Tremendous new office buildings and department stores and broadcasting stations sprang up from one end of town to the other like steel-and-concrete mushrooms. It was difficult to drive along any street in town any day without seeing a brand-new big building of some sort you had never seen before. Outlying bean-fields suddenly grew endless rows of new apartment buildings. The Los Angeles Post-office grew to 48 branches, with an annual revenue of over \$32,000,000.

During and immediately following the war, the whole state was gripped by this same feverish activity. The San Francisco area matched Los Angeles' fantastic rate of population growth stride for stride. Across the bay to the east, the skies over industrial Oakland, like the skies over once-sunny Los Angeles, were filled with an impenetrable smoky haze rivaling the olden days of Pittsburgh and St. Louis. To the south, at San Diego, the housing developments were flung farther and farther into the suburbs.

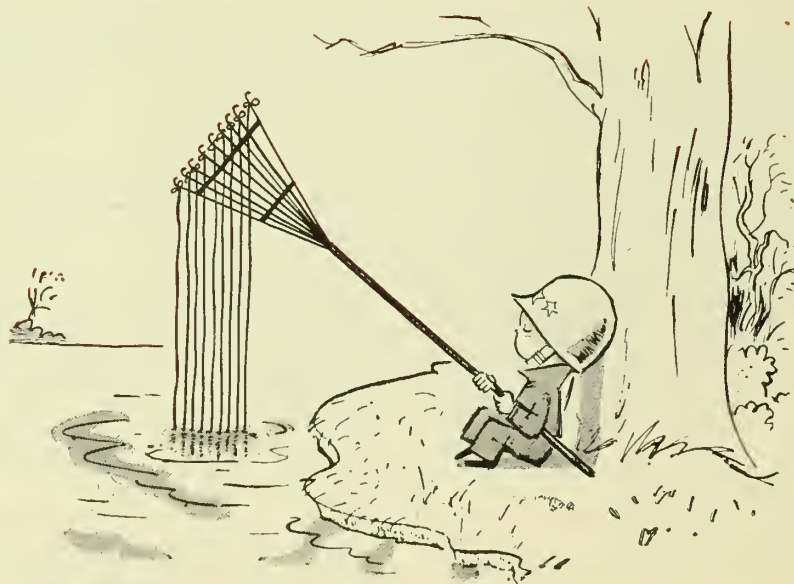
In 1946 and '47 California was really rolling.

Just exactly when somebody started pulling the switches slowing down this statewide boom is a matter for debate. Most opinion is that things started "leveling off" during the summer of 1948. That was when the general business index reached the top, paused, and started down.

Actually, however, it would seem that

GENERAL MISCHIEF

By S. B. STEVENS



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

the peak was passed well before then, during the winter of 1946-47. Since the war California has been like a giant ever-growing pump, which had to be primed with bigger and bigger doses of new and expanding industry in order to sustain its fabulously-growing population. And in 1947 the investment in new and expanded industrial plants in Los Angeles dropped from the more than \$155,000,000 of 1946 to \$124,811,500; in 1948 it dropped again, to \$72,181,500. In new jobs created by this investment, the 29,697 new jobs created in 1946 dropped to 21,346 in 1947, and to 11,953 in 1948. In 1946, one-eighth of all new businesses started in the whole

them a favor by stopping them from jumping off the end of the dock." In other words, if you're a "job hopper," don't hop toward California. It's just that simple. If you can't find a job where you are, you can't find one in today's overcrowded California. All over California the newspaper help-wanted ads are getting back to the old "salesman" ads of the 1930's. "Commission only" salesmen for household gadgets, salesmen for roofing and siding, house-to-house men. No experience necessary, and all the new men are making \$100 a week, it says here. Remember those ads of the '30s? Well, they're back.

And, as in the '30s, any of the want ads that sound like a real job are getting very blunt in their choosiness. I quote from a couple in this morning's Los Angeles Examiner: "MACHINISTS, PRECISION. Must have 10 years experience in small precision work . . ." "MACHINIST. Must be FIRST CLASS. None others need apply . . ." They even demand experience in an ad for men to solicit dry cleaning.

California papers are now available in practically any city or town in the country. If you can't buy them on a newsstand, you can find them at your library. Before you think of heading for California to look for a job, get the papers from whatever California locality you're thinking of heading for, and read the want ads. It is no longer necessary to drive two thousand miles to get a paper. You can read the California help-wanted ads just as well, and with a lot of less expense and heartbreak, in your nearest city. You'll see the situation. If you're prepared to buck it, come on out. If you don't have unusual ability and experience, or aren't prepared for a rough time while you prove you do have it, stay where you are. The same month you drive across the state border into California, over 100,000 other cars will be right on your heels from every state in the union, most of them driven by a man who wants a job just as badly as you do. And with the other 100,000 cars, you will be entering a state which already has over 325,000 unemployed, with 180,000 of them veterans.

If you're bound to come to California no matter what anybody can tell you, what do Stewart and his men advise you to bring with you? First and foremost, you should have a definite employment skill, with a record of continuity of employment and good references—in other words, you should be a man your own town hates to see go; equally important, you should have enough money to carry you for at least four months, and preferably six months; and you should either have a car, or have enough additional money to buy one when you get there. In California you can hardly go down to get a pack of cigarettes without getting in your car. Most metropolitan areas of California are vast sprawling networks, with definitely inadequate public transportation; everybody has a car, and the result is that public transportation is decidedly under par. And with the postwar blossoming of housing developments twenty or thirty miles or more from the



country were started in Southern California; only two years later, in 1948, Southern California had one-seventh of all of America's business failures.

No matter when it started, by the summer of 1948 Stewart and his men were finding it harder and harder to locate veterans' jobs. But the hundreds of thousands of people pouring into the state to look for jobs continued at very near its peak rate. The result was the only one possible—by last fall jobs began to get really scarce. By November (1948) the California Department of Employment had 77,350 "active applications" from veterans who needed a job; in December it jumped to over 95,000, and by April to nearly 140,000. John J. MacGillvray and Herbert Schierenbeck, Stewart's remaining men in the busy Los Angeles VES office, both told me, "Today the cream of the crop are coming in looking for jobs—and unskilled veterans are starting to get hungry."

Mr. E. K. Young, Industrial Engineer for the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, stated the present situation without any hesitation: "For really skilled labor, yes, we can use it. But not for the semi-skilled or unskilled. You'll be doing



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center of town, a decent car is more than ever an absolute necessity.

Above all, don't forget to bring your billfold. As things get tougher, California is getting increasingly weary of supporting impoverished citizens from the east, or laying out money to send them back home. They don't mind sharing the sunshine, but they are getting less and less willing to share the jobs and tax money that they need themselves. The California taxpayers have spent most of the year in a continual embroilment over the state's first billion-dollar budget, and the growingly outlandish pensions-and-charities situation.

As things get tougher for everyone, they naturally get tougher for the veteran. It's one thing to help a veteran find a job when you have a good job yourself; it's quite another thing to take any vast amount of interest in helping a veteran find a job if you've just lost your own. May I quote from a letter in this morning's *Los Angeles Times*, headed *A Non Veteran Pleads for a Chance?* "...A plain civilian hasn't got a chance. I believe in giving veterans their chance, but we of the low civilian class have got to live too. . . . What is the matter with the nonvet? Isn't he allowed to live or is he supposed to go crawl in a hole?" That's from a young guy who tried to enlist four times, and was rejected each time because of a heart condition from childhood rheumatic fever. A few days ago I picked up a nice-looking and well-dressed young guy who was hitch-hiking. He'd missed the war due to an eye injury; he'd also lost his job at a grocery concern some four months ago, and hadn't found another one since. "I think the veterans should have something," he said, "but I don't think they should have everything. If they give all the jobs to the veterans, what's everybody else supposed to do?"

That's a tough situation; those are tough facts. But that's California today.

And in the face of this situation, this is the time that the national government

chooses to cut the heart out of the Veterans Employment Service. Today the California Veterans Employment Service, with a bigger job than ever before, is being rewarded for an outstanding job in the past by having its funds and staff cut to the bone. In 1946 the California VES staff consisted of 30 men—Stewart, as state head, with six assistants in the various local areas selling the veterans' program to employer groups, and 24 field men beating the brush from morning till night nailing down the actual individual jobs. (In all states, the Veterans Employment Service representatives devote all their time to making and finding jobs for veterans. Their information is then immediately given to the nearest state Department of Employment office, and the jobs are then filled from available qualified veterans on their rolls.)

Through 1946 and early 1947 the California Veterans Employment Service was a well-staffed, adequately financed, and extremely going concern. Stewart in San Francisco and his six regional assistants throughout the state, working in coordination with national VES headquarters in Washington, talked day and night to civic groups, employer groups, big and little individual employers, anyone and everyone who had jobs veterans could fill. Employers were continually sold on the value of the veteran as an employee, the value of his military-trained skills, the value of his excellent health and trained discipline. As fast as employers could be thus sold on veteran job preference, Stewart and his assistants and the field men then descended on the actual companies involved to place as many veterans as possible.

"Getting jobs for veterans hasn't been only a job with us," said Stewart, "It's a religion."

Stewart comes naturally by this sense of religious devotion to his duties. His father, an eastern hotelkeeper, met Dwight L. Moody, the famed evangelist, in the middle years of his life, and be-

came a minister. Stewart himself was born on December 8, 1889, at Houlton, Maine, in the state's potato country. The family shortly returned to Louisville, Kentucky, and it was there that Stewart was brought up.

Stewart's understanding of any veterans' problem you care to mention is not accidental; he himself has had an unusual variety of human experience. When he first came to California he worked as a young surveyor for several railroad and land-development firms. Then he went to work for an ornamental iron firm as an estimator. In 1910 he went into business for himself as the St. Francis Iron Works in San Francisco. In the next seven years, helping to rebuild the quake-and-fire-ravaged city he still loves, he made a fair-sized fortune. When he sold his business in 1917 to enter the Army, he was, at 28, a wealthy, retired businessman on his own efforts.

Due to his surveying and engineering experience, he was immediately shipped off to Officers' Training Camp, and shortly commissioned a 1st Lt. in the Coast Artillery. After a year of action overseas, he came out in November of 1919.

With no need of a job himself, he watched other veterans pounding the San Francisco pavements looking for jobs. "Right then and there," he says, "I got interested in veterans' employment." While occupying his own time as a freelance publicity man for various building and automobile firms, Stewart was soon running an equally free-lance job-getting service for San Francisco veterans, helping many of them get placed. Since he could afford the time, he was also active in community fund-raising campaigns. In 1923, for instance, he was instrumental in the campaign to sell the \$750,000 worth of second-mortgage bonds that made San Francisco's new Elks Club possible. He has always been a born promoter who thrives on battling for any cause that he believes in. After 60 years of it, his light-colored eyes still hold a humorous glint and the gleam of battle.

In 1929 things began to pick up for Stewart. First he lost most of his money in the somewhat noisy crash of that year. Then, as the importance of government increased in all our lives, it was inevitable that he would become a part of it. He first went to work for the government in 1934. His friend Cliff Anglim had been made northern California Director of the newly formed Federal Housing Administration, and Cliff asked Stewart to give up his private interests and help handle some of the public relations problems of the project. He has been in government service ever since.

In the fall of 1936 Stewart moved into his present job as head of the California Veterans Employment Service. He didn't seek the job, finally accepting it only at the personal urging of former California Senator William G. McAdoo, with the full backing of the California veterans' groups.

Stewart had taken a growing part in veterans' affairs since 1933. In the fall of that year, following the great congressional uproar for economy in the vet-



erans' program, the President appointed regional Veterans Reviewing Boards to review all veterans' disability claims. Stewart was appointed to the San Francisco board, and California veterans soon found that here they had a fair-minded and staunch friend.

Also in 1933 Congress passed the Wagner-Peyser Act, calling for the setting up of our now-familiar state employment offices. (We now have some 1800 of them, throughout the United States, Alaska, Hawaii, and Puerto Rico!) The portion of the bill having to do with veterans' employment problems was later strengthened in the Servicemen's Readjustment Act of 1944—the Legion's "G.I. Bill of Rights"—which stated:

TITLE IV

Sec. 601 PROVIDES THAT THE VES (Veterans Employment Service) SHALL, IN COOPERATION WITH THE STATE EMPLOYMENT SERVICE:

(a) be functionally responsible for the supervision of the registration of

(d) maintain regular contact with employers and veterans' organizations with a view of keeping employers advised of veterans available for employment and veterans advised of opportunities for employment; and

(e) assist in every possible way in improving working conditions and the advancement of employment of veterans.

Between the first bill setting up the VES in 1933, and the G. I. Bill of Rights eleven years later in 1944, much water of course ran under the bridge. As Stewart puts it, "We got the problem of World War I veterans almost licked, and I was just about to put my feet up on the desk and become a bureaucrat, when that s.o.b. Hitler started this last war and we really had to go to work."

Since the war, hours have meant nothing to Stewart or any man on his staff. They speak in churches on "Veterans Employment Sundays"; they speak at endless night meetings. One typical recent night Ed Kemp, Stewart's man at Fresno, drove 140 miles during the evening and spoke at five different meetings en route. No one considered this at all unusual. As we have said, Stewart himself canvasses the commuter train for jobs every morning on his way to his San Francisco office from his home forty miles south at Los Altos (married ten years ago, the Stewarts have no children). Every man on the statewide staff works in the same way. They all pay their own dues in the countless civic and fraternal organizations they have to belong to, to do their job. The stenographers in Stewart's organization are all veterans—former Wacs, Waves, and lady Marines. Every member of the organization is an American Legion member. There are no stars or prima donnas in the outfit. (When I showed Stewart the first draft of this article he carefully cut out practically every personal reference, and I have since put most of them back only over his protests.)

On June 13, 1947, Congress gave VES its first reward. The 30 men Stewart had were cut to 10. All over the country the VES lost all its brush-beating field men at one fell sweep. It made for a 2/3 cut in the national VES force of some 500 men. In June of this year another national 50% cut left Stewart six men—to handle the entire veterans' employment problem of the state of California, with a veteran population of nearly two million. As in the days of 1933, a shortsighted and ill-informed national economy move is hitting the veteran first, right in the eye.

In the fall of 1944 Perry Faulkner, past state commander of the American Legion in Indiana, took over as national head of the Veterans Employment Service at the urging of Past National Commander Paul McNutt, head of the War Manpower Commission. "Faulkner is one of the most sincere and one of the most capable men I have ever worked with," said Stewart, "and I've worked with a lot of them. He's like this gang we've had out here in California—his religion is veterans' employment." Faulkner, like Stewart, has been rewarded for a good job by having

(Continued on page 57)

WALLY



(From December, 1932 A.L.M.)

veterans in local employment offices for suitable types of employment and for placement of veterans in employment;

(b) assist in securing and maintaining current information as to the various types of available employment in public works and private industry or business;

(c) promote the interest of employers in employing veterans;

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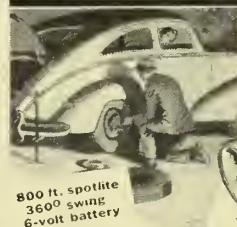
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CROSBY:

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HOPE :

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(Continued from page 55)

his forces decimated by our current veterans' economy plague.

"What's the sense of that at a time like this?" I asked Stewart.

"There is no sense to it," he said. "It's due solely to the shortsightedness of budgeteers. It seems 'goofy' for Congress to hamstring the VES, that pays such big dividends back to government. . . . Dividends in hard cold cash for every dollar spent."

Well, is he right about those cash dividends? Let's look at the record. During 1948 the total expense to the government of the California Veterans Employment Service, including salaries, office space, secretaries, travel, stationery, phone bills, and what have you, was approximately \$10,000 a month. During the year they developed 15,707 jobs for veterans. These jobs averaged \$225 a month (Stewart has never been interested in developing "jobs" of leaf-raking or apple-selling; when he finds a veteran a job, he finds him a job.) Remember, VES is not an employment agency in the usual sense. It develops jobs for veterans. State agencies place the individuals in the jobs VES develops. To be conservative let's say that only 12,000 of these jobs were filled. That means an income to the veterans of \$2,700,000 a month! The income tax alone from the veterans he found jobs for paid the expenses of his total operation a hundred-fold! He paid the total cost of his operation another hundredfold just by the veterans he took off the so-called 52-20 club. Twelve thousand veterans drawing \$20 a week is \$1,020,000 a month. At a total cost of \$10,000, Stewart saved all this, plus making the government that much more in income taxes. It seems that he is right when he says the VES pays dividends.

He has been rewarded by the government by having his organization cut down to a nub, and even having cut to the bone the funds the remaining men can use for travel and even telephone calls. Economy in government is a growingly necessary thing, God knows—the expenses of our cancer-like national government are 56 times what they were in 1913—but it seems a little ridiculous to save money by killing the egg-laying hens. *When we will no longer pay ten thousand dollars to make two million, the economy mote in our national eye is beginning to blind us.*

So what do Stewart and his remaining men do, now that their water has been cut off? Do they sit in a corner and wring their hands? They do not. You don't know Stewart and his VES gang in California. Now, all over the state, Stewart and his men are redoubling their efforts to enlist the help of volunteer groups—the service clubs, the Elks, the Masons, the Knights of Columbus, the organized veterans groups, local, county, state and federal agencies, and the California Department of Employment itself. In California there has never been any jealousy between the Department of Employment and its military cousin, the Veterans Employment Service. Stewart and James G. Bryant, head of the California State Employment Service, have always got along fine, and intend to continue to do so. As Stewart states it, "We're married to the CSES, and it wasn't a shotgun marriage. We like them and they like us."

"But you know what breaks your heart?" said Stewart suddenly. "In veterans' employment in California you never get anywhere. You work like hell and figure you've had a real good month—the VES and CSES working together get jobs for maybe 8,000 veterans—and then you look up the figures from the entry ports and you find that 10,000 more veterans have come into the state looking for jobs. . . ."

It might be added that nearly all the VES representatives in California who have been laid off by the recent cuts are still working long hours at their own expense and on their own time—talking to employers about jobs for veterans, visiting the hospitals to advise veterans on job training, trying to get the veterans back in business. . . . "Service to veterans gets into your blood," Stewart said.

At a somewhat painful point in the conversation I decided I might as well be blunt. "What are you going to do," I asked Stewart, "if Congress goes right ahead and cuts you off completely?"

"Oh," he said, "I imagine I'll still ride in on the train every morning, and ask people if they have any jobs for veterans."

That would be a shame. A stupid, uneconomical shame.

But all that doesn't directly concern you. The thing that does concern you is the fact that if you go to California today looking for a job, carry your lunch. THE END



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WALLY



(From December, 1932 A.L.M.)



A PENNSYLVANIA game protector gives cooperating landowner official sign to post safety zone 150 yards around buildings. In hunting season protectors enforce the rules

A SENSIBLE APPROACH TO TRESPASSING

Why many Pennsylvania farmers like to let hunters inside the fences

By LEO A. LUTTRINGER, JR.

Chief, Division of Conservation Education, Pennsylvania Game Commission

WHEREVER there is intensive farming in this country, and wherever there is open country within easy reach of a fairly large population, there has always been a considerable amount of bad blood between some landowners and some types of hunters. It is an age-old quarrel, caused by the conflict between the legal right of the landowner to control his property and the inherited "right" of Americans to hunt in the open country.

Whatever the moral right of the hunter,

it has always been the farmer who took the beating, whenever there was a beating resulting from trespassing after game.

The farmer's signs lessen his punishment, but not much. The signs repel the law-abiding; the lawless ignore them. The well-meaning hunter has his feelings hurt when ordered off the land, but after all it isn't his cow or windows that may be shot, his wheat that gets trampled, his fences that are cut.

Good sportsmanship and a proper regard for the farmer's rights have been preached until their advocates are blue in the face. Many and many a sportsmen's club or individual hunter has worked at

cementing better feeling and mutual respect between landowner and hunter. But it only takes one hunter to leave the gate open and let the mare out, so you cannot yet convince a farmer that there is anything in it for him to let a bunch of strangers shoot up his farm and home. Meanwhile, in the more thickly populated areas, hunters generally have become so persistent that the farmer has the unhappy choice of chasing them all day or letting them alone and hating them. Usually he has to settle for working up a good hate, for the cows must still be milked.

Several years ago we in Pennsylvania asked ourselves a practical question. How about making it worth while for the farmers to let the hunters in? It was a novel, though sensible, approach. It has proved to be a fair one which now works with growing popularity every year, and is taking hold with variations in other states.

We make trespassing worth while for the farmer in Pennsylvania by signing a contract with him whereby the Game Commission takes over the game rights to his property, usually for five years, and in return assumes responsibility for controlling those who hunt the farmer's land.

In addition farmers who sign such contracts are given the opportunity to make money on jobs they may be able to do for the Game Commission, and they receive direct advice and assistance in matters of soil conservation and game conservation.

Biggest appeal to the farmer is the protection we offer him. He is apt to be skeptical when he learns he must still tolerate hunters. He is usually sold when he learns that vigilant game protectors will do his policing during the gunning season, that rules for hunting on his property will carry the authority of the Game Commission rather than merely of the citizen-farmer, and that no one may hunt within 150 yards of his occupied buildings.

We call farmers who sign our contracts Cooperators. Today there are more than 6,200 active Cooperators in Pennsylvania. Their combined holdings add up to over 600,000 acres. It is all good small game country, open to the public in hunting season under our control.

Most of this area is now posted by the Game Commission, with invitations rather than trespass signs, but also State warn-



TWO farm lads earn \$1 per chick for raising day-old ringneck pheasants to 12-week age

ings to keep clear of safety zones, as well as of the small fenced game refuges of two to ten acres which we set up, fence, and plant with good game cover.

The safety zones include areas near buildings, workers, livestock and growing crops. The warning signs are official State signs, and the areas are patrolled by our game protectors. We prosecute violators of the rules, and the penalty for violation is \$25.00. The simple and official appeals of our signs are seldom ignored.

Cooperators get the opportunity to do paying jobs for the Game Commission. They may raise day-old ringneck pheasant chicks furnished by the Game Commission, and receive \$1.00 for every bird reared to twelve weeks of age. Last year 48 farmers successfully reared more than 10,000 fine, healthy pheasants. Cooperators are also paid to remove surplus game from their lands, and may reserve the trapping privileges for themselves.

While Pennsylvania emphasizes protection for farmers we also stress better cover and protection for game. We furnish, on request, individual advice and instruction on land management which will improve crop yields and wildlife yields. If the farmer agrees to plant them, he is furnished young trees, shrubs and vines. Each Cooperator receives the Commission's official magazine, in which special articles discuss farm-game problems.

A number of states are trying to solve their farmer-sportsman problems by encouraging the landowner to carry on practices which will help wildlife as well as increase crop production. These programs are usually geared to the U. S. Soil Conservation Program and largely financed through Pittman-Robertson Act funds.

These are good programs, but wherever hunters are plentiful they will not solve the trespass problem unless protection for the farmer is included. A program which provides more game attracts more hunters. Without protection most farmers don't want more hunters.

At least ten eastern and southern states are aiding landowners in creating better environment for wildlife, as a major program. Other states, such as Indiana, Idaho, New Jersey and Oregon are patterning their programs after the Pennsylvania plan with aids that include protection.

Michigan's famed Williamston Plan is a thoroughgoing program which helps organize cooperative groups and sets up sensible rules for controlled shooting. It does not provide direct protection, but in many other ways encourages farmers to permit restricted hunting.

Many states, probably through lack of funds, limit their efforts to education programs, which are excellent, but not necessarily sufficient in populated areas.

California recently passed a law establishing a plan for cooperative hunting areas at least 5,000 acres in extent. Farmers may collect as much as \$2.00 a day from each hunter. The Fish and Game Commission enforces trespass provisions.

In Pennsylvania we believe this whole trend will benefit hunters forever, and probably prevent the closing of all private land to any except private groups. Our plan is worthwhile to hunters as well as farmers.

THE END

OUR BEST-READ EDITION

(Continued from page 26)

are no illustrations. However, the same articles and features you read in the regular edition are carried in the books that go to the blind.

It takes three bulky volumes, printed on kraft paper, to make a single issue of the magazine. By means of specially designed machinery it is possible to space the letters so that the text can be printed on both sides of a page without overlapping.

In producing the Braille edition, a sighted person reads the copy which is recorded on a Dictaphone. One of the blind girls, playing back the recording, transcribes the words on a metal matrix, or plate, by means of a machine with a keyboard somewhat similar to that of a typewriter. This plate is then proofread, a sighted copyholder checking the copy as a blind girl reads from the plate. Errors are corrected on a machine which smooths out the raised dots, and necessary changes are then made. After further proofreading, the matrix is placed on one of the presses and the indentations are made on the kraft paper pages. Pages are assembled, collated, bound and placed in envelopes for mailing.

Contrary to popular belief, the reading of Braille is not slow and tedious. As evidence of this, the proofreaders at Clovernook read the text as fast as the sighted copyholders can follow the printed words. Their reading, however, is not merely mechanical. From their questions and comments, it is apparent that the girls at Clovernook have learned a great deal about The American Legion through their handling of the magazine. That may explain the personal interest they show in helping to tell the Legion story to those without sight.

THE END



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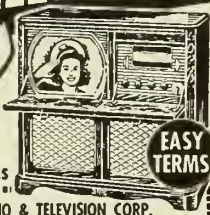
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EASY
TERMS

THE COMMIES GO AFTER THE KIDS

(Continued from page 15)

by former Attorney General Tom Clark.

At Wanaque, New Jersey, we find *Camp Midvale* under the direction of the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born, a communist front organization which has been listed as subversive by the Attorney General.

Camp Villa Buena Vista is located at Cornwallville, New York, a camp for children which is recommended by the Cervantes Society, a branch of the International Workers Order which the Attorney General says is subversive.

The Young People's Record Club is a striking illustration of the fact that the "comrades" do not miss a trick. They work away night and day at the business of infiltrating and indoctrinating, a little here and a little there. Even the smallest assault upon the "system" is not neglected. They have thought up a thousand things which are far short of erecting street barricades for the final violent overthrow of imperialistic capitalism.

Grenell was the "John Kieran" of that communist party program. Grenell was also a member of the board of directors of the People's Songs, a communist outfit designed to sing the bolshevik revolution into the minds of the receptive. He was also affiliated with the American Committee for Indonesian Independence—a bit removed from singing, but still a communist front organization.

Everybody prominently connected with the Young People's Record Club has a record of affiliation with communist organizations. No small book could contain all the details of their affiliations. What about the phonographic records which are distributed by this outfit? We take one example merely as an illustration, a song entitled "Building a City." In this song, the tots are told how a city is made possible by members of the proletariat, those who work with their hands. The fellow who digs with the steam shovel, the man who pushes the wheelbarrow, the car-



"Where were you on that play?"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

The Young People's Record Club has been listed as a subversive communist front organization by the California Committee on Un-American Activities.

The president of the Young People's Record Club is Horace Grenell. Any expert on the communist movement will recognize said Grenell at once. He has been listed as an instructor at the communist party's Jefferson School of Social Science, cited as subversive by the Attorney General. He was also an instructor at the School for Democracy, predecessor of the Jefferson School. Grenell is a sponsor of the People's Radio Foundation, also listed as subversive by the Attorney General. In 1942, the *New Masses* staged a series of meetings known as "Interpretation, Please," and Horace

penter, the painter, and the operator of the steamroller who helps to build the streets are the only ones who receive mention in "Building a City." There isn't even a hint that manufacturers, construction companies, bankers, architects, draftsmen, or capitalist enterprisers have anything to do with "Building a City."

Hundreds of elementary schools have subscribed to the output of the Young People's Record Club. Its records are advertised as selected for two age groups: 2 to 6, and 7 to 11. "Building a City" is intended for the younger kiddies.

STAGE FOR ACTION, cited as subversive by the Congressional Committee on Un-American Activities, specializes in the

(Continued on page 62)



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(Continued from page 60)

so-called "living newspaper" type of drama for both children and adults. After Stage for Action had put on one of its performances in a public school, the teachers sent the following note of appreciation to the organization: "We are grateful for the opportunity you afforded our children and hope you will continue to bring the message to other young people."

Stage for Action, always highly touted in the communist party's *Daily Worker*, has commanded the services of Norman Corwin, Ben Hecht, Arthur Miller, Millard Lampell, and Earl Robinson, all of whom have frequently placed their talents and prestige at the disposal of communist outfits.

The plays produced by Stage for Action uniformly follow the "line" of the communist party, even though this is accomplished with no little subtlety.

AS MIGHT be expected, the communist and their front organizations have not neglected comic strips and comic books. Naturally, the class struggle angle is worked into this powerful medium of propaganda.

The most impressive attempt in the comic book field for left-wing indoctrination of children has been made by the *Protestant* magazine, a vehemently pro-communist and anti-Catholic publication cited as subversive by the Congressional Committee on Un-American Activities. The *Protestant's* comic books have appeared under the title of "The Challenger." The "party line" is deftly woven into them. On the back cover of the books, there is a plan for organizing children into "Challenger" clubs. "Get together at least 10 young people who have signed the Challenger pledge card," the cover urges. The pledge reads, in part, as fol-

lows: "In the name of democracy and our faith in the new world born out of the most tragic of wars, we pledge ourselves to challenge, fight and defeat fascism in all forms." The initiated will have no difficulty in recognizing the "Challenger's" new world as the bloc of Soviet states.

The American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born has given wide circulation to one of Al Capp's comic strips which contained material they obviously liked. Attorney General Tom Clark has listed this organization as a subversive communist front.

Although communists and their front organizations have gone in for propaganda media which feature emotional appeals—camps, phonograph recordings, songs, theatre, and comics—it should go without saying that their primary drive for children has been in our schools and school textbooks.

The tentacles of communism reach into the classrooms of our schools throughout the country. Secret communist party members sit on hundreds of faculties. Posing as the guardians and dispensers of unfettered learning, they are in actuality the agents of a foreign state which exists by the enslavement of the mind. Under the cover of specious arguments about academic freedom, the communists and their fellow travelers have consolidated a powerful position in American schools, ably assisted in their treachery by the blindness of school administrators and the indifference of the public. Communists do not really believe in academic freedom; they only use it, as they do all other freedoms in our society, to the end that they may destroy it.

THE COMMUNISTS have not concealed their views and aims with respect to our American schools and school children. They have set them down in black and

white where all may read. Thus, in the pages of *The Communist*, official organ of the communist party, we find the following: "A people's movement around the schools can thus transform the latter into popular forums for progressive social action—ultimately into forums for the revolution." Schools as forums for the revolution! That is precisely what the communists have been working toward these many years.

Concerning the secrecy in concealing their communist party membership, *The Communist* says: "Communist teachers are, therefore, faced with a tremendous social responsibility. They must take advantage of their positions, without exposing themselves." And further: "Only when teachers have really mastered Marxism-Leninism will they be able skillfully to inject it into their teaching at the least risk of exposure."

IT SHOULD not be thought for a minute that communists are interested only in the schools of New York City, Chicago, Los Angeles, and other great urban centers. *The Communist* says: "As a means of mobilizing the people in the villages and countryside, steps should be taken to try to send communist teachers into rural communities, where they should become active in all community organizations."

Stalin's infiltration of our schools has as its over-all objective the undermining of the loyalty of American children to their traditions, their way of life, and their form of government. The tactics involve: (1) the enlistment of teachers and academic administrators in communist and communist front organizations; (2) the dissemination of Soviet propaganda through school textbooks and classroom instruction; and (3) the organization of students of all grades into the communist party's fronts and auxiliaries. In other words, the Kremlin's plans call for our being softened up for a moral, intellectual, and eventually a military Pearl Harbor, not neglecting the corruption of our children.

The injection of pro-Soviet propaganda into school textbooks is not limited to those used in colleges and universities. It is designed for the textbooks of elementary schools as well. In 1945, Doubleday and Company, Inc., published a textbook designed for use in elementary schools its title "We Are the Government," its author one Mary Elting. The volume has been approved for use in the public schools of some of our largest cities. Here is a fair sample of the ideological orientation of Miss Elting's book in what she has to say about the Constitution of the United States: "Other people in other countries read the Constitution and were excited by it. . . . And almost immediately our Constitution began to have influence outside the United States. Other countries, including Switzerland, Liberia, and the Soviet Union, have been adapting its ideas ever since."

THE ONLY "excitement" the Soviet Union has ever had with respect to the Constitution of the United States is to destroy it and the freedoms which rest upon it. There is no mystery as to why Mary



"Boy, Charlie, I'll have to hand it to you if you get away with this one!"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

Elting wrote as she did in this elementary school textbook. For five years, from 1937 to 1942, she was an instructor in the Communist Party's Workers School.

The communist party has for years had auxiliaries and front organizations especially aimed at the enlistment of young people. These organizations frequently change their names. At the present time, the principal auxiliary for young people is known as the Labor Youth League, suc-

can become the exponent of communist ideas at home." Imagine a ten-year-old boy instructing his petty-bourgeois father in dialectical materialism and helping to rid his father's mind of such petty-bourgeois rubbish as the Fourth of July and George Washington's Birthday! That's the communist program, in part.

The Party's program declared that its children's organizations "can organize shooting practice, exercises and military



"It is a bit of a nuisance—Van Pefley and his self-winding wrist watch!"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

cessor to the Young Communist League and the American Youth for Democracy. It has approximately eight thousand members.

Some years ago, the communists revealed their educational objectives for children in a pamphlet which has the title, "The Road to Mass Organization of Proletarian Children," and which bears the official imprint of the Young Communist League.

THE COMMUNIST education program for children included the following: "The decisive turn towards mass work must be particularly expressed in atheist groups."

Again the program announced: "Our children's leagues must make it their task to explain to the masses of children the importance of defending the fatherland of the proletarian children all over the world, the U. S. S. R., and the role and significance of the Red Army, as an army of the world proletariat." American children are to be trained in loyalty to the Soviet Union and treason to the United States!

As though atheism and treason were not enough, the Party's program went on to say: "A special struggle should be waged at home. The Pioneers (i.e., the communist children) should try to win over the adults. This activity requires also a struggle in the family against backward ideas (religion, petty-bourgeois tendencies). Through the organization of Red Corners, through the rejection of bourgeois holidays and customs, the Pioneer

games with the object of developing the faculties of self-defense among working-class children." Bluntly, that means training for civil war! This should help to explain how the communist party could send a highly disciplined force of 2500 men and boys to Peekskill, N. Y., as a Paul Robeson "guard" armed with baseball bats, milk bottles, can openers, and cans of pepper.

THE PRINCIPAL publication of the communist party in the United States is its daily newspaper, the *Daily Worker*. Once a week this mouthpiece of the Kremlin's treasonable program runs a children's page. This page is obviously calculated to instill an abiding affection for the communist sheet in the minds of the youngest Americans.

A strange fallacy is abroad in our land. It is the fallacy that communism is simply a very radical social doctrine. It is nonsense to look upon the present world struggle as one of ideology versus ideology. The communism with which we are concerned in 1949 is not primarily an ideology but the embodiment of brute force seeking world conquest. The communist party of the United States is a Soviet-originated conspiracy to advance this conquest. Its professorial members are a peculiarly contemptible kind of conspirator and, as conspirators against their own country, they have no academic rights which could possibly be infringed.

THE END

VETERAN'S SCHOOL AND COLLEGE DIRECTORY

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Parting Shots

PROOF POSITIVE

*You haven't really proved
Whether you're man or mouse
Until you've spent a winter
With plumbing outside the house.*

— BY AL SPONG

SMALL PORTIONS?

A little boy returned from an oculist and was proudly showing an admiring little sister his first eyeglasses.

"You know," he said, "I don't have to wear them for always—just for close work, the doctor said."

"What is close work?" asked the little girl.

"Well," stammered the boy, "you know—for eatin' and such stuff as that."

— BY DAN BENNETT

PRESENT-LY SPEAKING

*I like to consider myself a go-getter,
But all of a sudden I'm sick...
I've just read the list in the three-page
letter*

My children have written St. Nick!

— BY S. H. DEWHURST

HE'S LUCKIER THAN WE WERE

Building contractors have their troubles, not the least of which is the poor quality of lumber frequently offered to them. A despairing contractor recently dispatched this telegram to the mill that had sent him a carload of lumber: "Knot holes received, please send the knots."

— BY J. C. SHERIDAN

GUESS WHO?

*She does impersonations,
And for each song and dance,
We always know just whom she means,
She tells us in advance.*

— BY HARRY LAZARUS



COWBOY'S FOOLOSOPHY

*Now here's a range sayin'—
Not many can match it:
There ain't no use itchin'
Unless you kin scratch it!*

— BY S. OMAR BARKER

HORSE TRADER

Sammy had just had a new baby sister. A neighbor, to tease him, offered to buy the baby and give him a dollar a pound for her, but Sammy refused. The neighbor then said: "Sammy, you seem to like your little baby sister a lot."

"It ain't that," said Sammy, "but if you are going to buy her by the pound I'll wait until she grows some more!"

— BY HENRY A. COURTNEY

MUTUAL

*When as a youth I went to school
I was quite dumb, you see;
In fact I found school very dull—
And that's how school found me.*

— BY F. G. KERNAN

LAST RESORT

A famous theatrical agent appeared at his office one morning complaining of a violent headache. His staff gathered around him to sympathize, and a junior clerk volunteered:

"I had a terrible headache not long ago, but it didn't last long. My wife pulled me over on the sofa with her and gave me a

great big kiss. Believe it or not, the pain disappeared immediately!"

The sufferer reached for his hat. "I've tried everything else," he moaned. "Is your wife home now?"

— BY WEBB B. GARRISON

R. I. P.

*Oh, shed a tear for
Poor Harry Van Ness.
He agreed when his wife
Said, "My hair is a mess!"*

— BY SYLVIA BREMER

WELL, I'D...

Having finally won the hand of his loved one, the youthful suitor broke the good news to his father, who promptly began to dish out some advice.

"Marriage should be a cooperative affair," the father said. "If she wants to take a walk, walk with her. If she's in the mood to sing, sing with her. If she's drying dishes, dry dishes with her. Get the idea?"

The young man was thoughtful for a moment. "What if she wants to mop the floor?" he asked.

— BY T. J. MCINERNEY

WHY NOT?

*I fell in love with a girl named Kay;
Then Edith came in view.
I found, though, that 'You cannot
Have your Kay and Edith, too.'*

— BY COLONEL STOOPNAGLE

SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND

When his father came home after work, small Reuben sought him out and demanded help with his 'home work.' "I can't work this ole arithmetic," he protested. "Teacher said something about finding something called 'the least common denominator'."

"My stars!" grumbled the father. "Haven't they found that thing yet? Why, they were lookin' for it when I was a boy!"

— BY BOYD G. WOOD

FACE VALUE

*I'll go no more to masquerades,
You needn't even ask:
I won first-prize the other night—
I didn't wear a mask!*

— BY SIDNEY R. BARON

MALICE IN BLUNDERLAND

An efficiency expert in Washington asked a government worker, "What do you do?" The reply was "Nothing." The expert asked another clerk the same question and again the reply was "Nothing."

"That settles it!" exclaimed the E-man. "This damned duplication has got to go."

— BY PETE SIMER

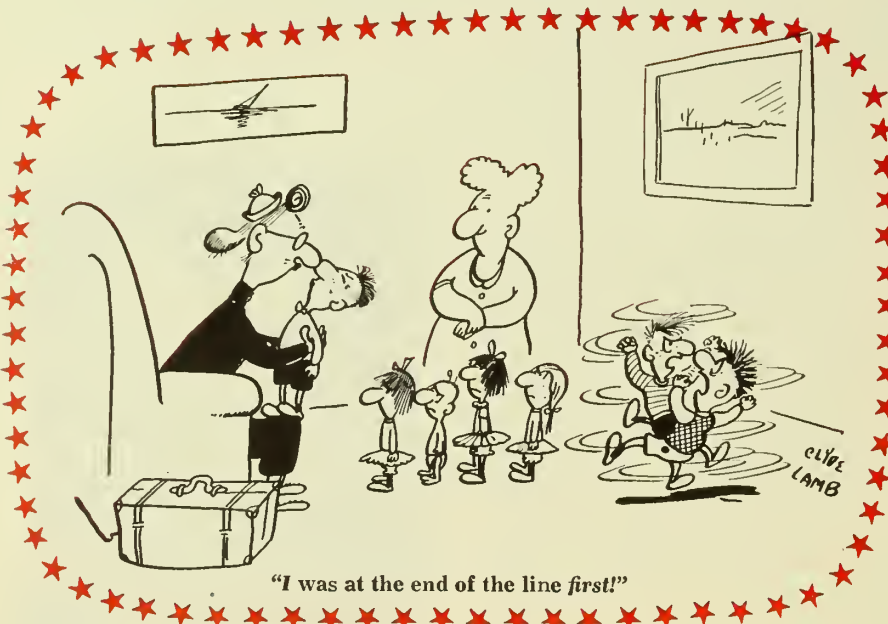
HORSEWHIPPED

*Whenever I ride, I endeavor, of course,
To look like a part of my galloping horse;
However, my riding is rather inferior and
Somehow I look like a horse's posterior.*

WITHOUT GRAVY

A southern mother took her small daughter up north with her last winter. The child, having never seen snow before, aroused her mother early one morning, exclaiming: "Wake up, mother, there is grits everywhere outside!"

— BY MRS. O. M. HUBBARD



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